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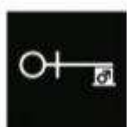
PENTHOUSE LETTERS



PENTHOUSE
VARIATIONS
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Cover Girl: November 2017 Penthouse Pet Of The Month, Lena Anderson

BY the time fall rolls around most of us are all tapped out on sunscreen, sand and swimsuits. We're ready to cozy up on a cold night with some wine and a sexy guest star in the mix.

This issue of *Penthouse Letters* is packed with off-the-rails three-ways, erotic dreams and office peep-shows. A nameless seductress gives Tim all the inspiration he's been craving in "The Muse", while a take-charge business woman proves she is always the boss in "The Hellcat". Plus, good girls gone bad, carnal desires and wholesome, good-old-fashioned lust.

What's your sexy secret? Send your hottest sex stories to: letters@penthouse.com.

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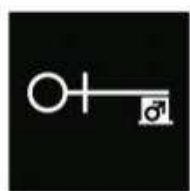
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❶ CLEO'S TRIOS

I'd never been the figurative belle of the ball before, and I was freakin' loving it! I had two gorgeous guys totally smitten with me. I was seeing both regularly and getting more hot cock than I knew what to do with.

That last bit wasn't true. I knew exactly what to do. I was having the time of my life with James and Vaughn. There wasn't any cheating guilt, because each man knew I was also seeing the other. They were cool about it.

It was a very unusual situation for me, though. I'd had my share of boyfriends and lovers, but more often than not it was me who was sort of the odd person out. I would get into a relationship and find out that I liked the guy a bit more than he liked me. Or I'd discover that he was seeing someone else who he was more serious about, or—yuck!—that he was hoping to get back together with his ex and was basically just killing time in bed with me.

Romance could be rough. I knew that. I'd lived it. Not that I hadn't had plenty of fun along the way—but it had never been like this! Vaughn and James couldn't get enough of me. They were both unselfish lovers, examples of the kind of sensitive and sexy male I'd been hoping to hook up with all along.

How lucky for me that two of them had shown up for me at the same time.

It was understandable if things started to blur a little for me after a while. After all, I was ping-ponging back and forth between these two men, seeing each of them every other day. I hadn't slept in my own bed in almost a month. Each night I had my pussy licked, then thoroughly fucked. I sucked luscious cock. I did those guys every which way, and they never complained about the arrangement. They were just happy to have their part of me.

But sometimes lying there in the carnal afterglow, or even during one of those furious bouts of lovemaking, I would forget whom I was with. Sometimes my brain

would glitch and tell me I was snuggled against James's firm body, when it was Vaughn I'd just fucked. Or now and then I'd think it was Vaughn plowing me from behind, and then I'd blink and realize I was in James's apartment.

Luckily I had never shouted out the wrong name when I was coming. That, I knew, was the ultimate bedroom no-no. I didn't want to do anything to upset either man. I genuinely liked them both.

But I started to get this idea...
I'd done three-ways before, but it

**“I MOVED MY HIPS
IN A TIGHT CIRCLE,
GRINDING DOWN
ON THE WELCOME
INTRUSION.”**

was always two women and one dude. Don't get me wrong; those were lots of fun. I liked having another woman touch me while a guy fucked me. But in those scenarios it seemed somehow that the male was the focus.

I wanted something different. I wanted two men at the same time, and I wanted to be the star. Neither James or Vaughn was bisexual, so I didn't think they'd be interested in each other if I got them both into bed with me.

The notion seized me and wouldn't let go. I began to obsess over it. I imagined what it would be like to be sandwiched between those two lovely men, taking one cock in my pussy and one up my ass. The fantasies made me shiver.

But it didn't have to be fantasy. I was in a position to try to make this a reality for the first time in my life.

On consecutive nights I made the proposal, first to Vaughn, then James. It was just a tentative probe. I phrased it so that it was almost abstract. I asked if either of them had ever done a man-man-woman three-way before. Neither had. Would they be open to one?

James and Vaughn both admitted they could see themselves doing that. Excitement dazed me. My life was already great, though. Was I pushing my luck? I sure didn't want to screw up what I had with my two lovers.

I asked James and Vaughn to meet me at my favorite bar a few nights later. It was all very civilized. I was nervous as hell. Both men arrived at the same time. They came to my table, and I introduced them, biting my lip, hoping this wouldn't blow up on me.

They were perfectly polite to one another, shaking hands. We all sat, and soon they were talking and laughing as they confessed they'd each been curious about the other. They were talking so casually it felt like I was listening to two best friends who hadn't seen one another in years. I spent the entire date blushing.

Then I dropped the bombshell. I made my real proposal, nothing theoretical about it. I wanted them both in bed at the same time.

They blinked silently at me a moment. I nervously sipped my glass of wine.

Suddenly, Vaughn let out a big laugh. “Fuck it, I'm in.”

James said, “Me too.”

I couldn't wait to finish our drinks and get the hell out of the bar.

Normally I went to one of their apartments, but today it was to be my place. I led them inside, my heart beating fast. We went into the bedroom. For a few seconds we all stood frozen. Then as if there was some silent signal between the two men, they undressed.

I watched. They were both so beautiful with athletic builds and olive skin. They were both already hard, those cocks I knew so well standing up. They



looked each other over with frank gazes, nodded, then moved toward me.

They began to take off my clothes. I barely had to move. A strange gauzy feeling came into my head. An electrical eroticism flowed over me, over the whole scene. The masculine hands touched me. I heard the whisper of flesh on flesh. We were still standing. Together they lifted me onto the bed and lay down along both sides of me.

I reached down and took the two familiar erect cocks in my hands. The simultaneous contact put a bolt of raw joy through me. This felt primal, like I was engaged in some ultimate sex act, a thing I'd been building toward for years.

As the hard shafts pulsed in my grip, the men each put a hand on my tits and squeezed. Pleasure danced over me. My nipples were plucked by strong fingers. These weren't strangers. Both men were intimately familiar with my likes. They knew how to touch me.

I turned my head one way, and Vaughn pressed his mouth on mine. Our tongues grappled. I felt the subtle burn of his stubble. I turned the other way and kissed James just as ferociously.

Their bodies pressed me. I felt the firmness of muscle, the soft tickle

of hair. The hands were roving over me now. I started pumping the two cocks, finding the timeworn rhythm immediately. My elbows flexed. The shafts throbbed in my grasp.

The roaming hands reached my pussy at the same time. I looked down, still feeling dreamy, and saw one set of fingers spread my damp lips, allowing the other fingers to slide inside me. Pleasure rippled through me at the contact, but I was also thrilled to find my two men so cooperative.

It was Vaughn's fingers delving into my pussy. He slipped them in deep. I moved my hips in a tight circle, grinding down on the welcome intrusion. Vaughn worked his digits in and out of me, bringing me to a state of simmering delight. Then they switched hands, again at some wordless signal. James fingered me, rubbing the knuckle of his thumb over my pulsating clit and making me moan out loud.

While they were doing this, each man bent over me and started sucking my tits. Tongues flicked my aroused nipples. The intensity of the pleasure continued to mount. I kept on jerking those two lovely cocks.

It wasn't just the physical elation of these activities. Finger a pussy with

some skill and you'll pleasure a woman. This, though, was more than the sum of its parts. I felt incredibly special, elevated to some erotic status I'd only guessed at before. This was a three-way, yes, and I'd done them before—but this was my three-way.

They were shifting around now. I let go of their cocks as James moved down the bed, eyes glinting with anticipation. I knew what he wanted. I spread my legs, raised my knees, and watched his face hover briefly over my well-fingered pussy. His hot breath brushed me, then he put his mouth on me and I cried out.

Vaughn stayed cozied next to me, cradling my head and kissing my neck. He murmured huskily in my ear, "His tongue feels good, doesn't it? You like that?" It only added to the fantastic excitement of this.

I lifted my hips off the bed. James sucked and licked and speared me with his nimble tongue. Vaughn said, "Come in his mouth! Do it!" It sent me over. Suddenly I was flooding James with my juices.

The bedroom whirled. The next thing I knew it was Vaughn lapping hungrily between my outspread thighs while James held me and cooed sweet

LETTERS

↘ THREE FOR ALL

obscenities. I was still buzzing hard from my previous come. With barely any warning my body jolted and I jammed my pussy hard against Vaughn's mouth, smearing his whole face with my joy.

Through a haze of electric carnality I saw someone flipping a coin. Someone else called tails. I understood the significance when James took the lube off my nightstand. I turned eagerly over onto my left hip, away from him. Vaughn, chin dripping, squirmed up the bed to lie in front of me.

I pulled him against me, licking my fluids from his face. As I did, James daubed the slick lube all over my asshole. Both these men had fucked my ass on many occasions. But I'd never—absolutely never—had a cock in my ass and in my pussy at the very same time.

As they both worked themselves inside of me, I felt I was crossing some cosmically carnal threshold. This was a new world for me. Pleasure of unbelievable strength surged through me. It was overwhelming at first. But my two glorious lovers were sensitive to my every response. They slowed, they probed further, they finally sank

themselves all the way in.

I was jammed with cock, front and back. I tipped on a pinnacle of utter bliss. "Fuck me hard! Both of you!"

Those cocks raged in my holes. I was mashed between the bodies. I shrieked with ecstasy. It was the absolute best fuck I had ever had.

—C.O., Chicago, Illinois

🕯 HAPPY CAMPERS

The summer between my junior and senior year of college, I worked as a camp counselor with another girl in my sorority, Alison. Ali was one year ahead of me, and unlike most of our "sisters" at the elite private school we attended, she and I were both "scholarship kids"—so that in itself made us bond pretty easily. For us, a steady summer job meant extra money for books, dues, and any number of mandatory social expenses for our sorority—plus the fact that we got to live at this beautiful lakeside camp rent-free. Camp rules, though,

mandated that even counselors were subject to an enforced curfew and a no-tolerance policy for alcohol—but still, you can imagine the kinds of things that bored 18- to 22-year-olds would try to get up to during those buffer weeks of total downtime between new groups of campers arriving. Those were the times when we had nothing better to do than each other...

Ali was bi—it was the worst-kept secret in our sorority. During our pledge week earlier that spring, she and her then-girlfriend, Brittney, took me down into the house basement and initiated me into all kinds of Sapphic delights.

Years later, I'm pretty much straight and happily married to a man, but I have no regrets about any of my girl-on-girl encounters—and sometimes I catch myself replaying many of those hot memories. Aside from the time that Ali and Brittney both went down on me together in the dorm shower (my husband never gets tired of that story), my summer camp threesome with Ali and this hot guy, Brian, is the one memory that still gets me going.

Every time July starts fading into August, I am mentally transported back to the sandy lakeshore where we made it happen. And adding to the "taboo factor," Brian was the son of the camp proprietor—and he was a little older than us, too, at 29. Brian had just finished law school, so he was spending the summer relaxing by the lake and studying for the state bar. He was around six-foot-two with dark hair, blue eyes, and a runner's physique (he ran shirtless around the lake every morning). And to boot, he drove around town in a red Porsche. He could easily have taken his pick of the ladies in town or among the counselors—but he was a pretty introverted guy who more or less ignored all the girls who threw themselves at him.

Ali was no exception—she'd tried numerous times prancing around in front of Brian in her little bikinis, but he barely



looked up from his books. It's not like Ali wasn't hot, either: she was a slender brunette with a great tan, brown eyes, and small but perky tits that always looked great in a bathing suit.

And then one day while she and I relaxed on the beach, she nudged me in the ribs: "Oh my God. Emma—he's here again."

I glanced over and saw Brian seated a few feet away in a folding chair, poring over some thick law book. "When are you going to give up?" I whispered. "He doesn't seem to notice anyone here. Maybe he's gay?"

"He is not."

"How do you know?" I giggled.

"Okay, I have a radar for this kind of thing. He's just playing hard to get—and nobody beats me at that game."

"No offense, but you weren't at all hard to get last night." I tugged at her bikini string. No kidding; we fucked around almost every night in our cabin.

Ali laughed and swatted my hand away. And then it was like a lightbulb went off: "Oh my God, that's it."

"What?" I turned over on my back.

Ali reached over and squeezed my nearest boob, then leaned in and whispered. "Let's show Brian what he's missing." She slid her thumb beneath the thin triangle top and circled it around my nipple.

"Right here? Now?" I blushed a bit, feeling a familiar tingle between my legs.

"Why not?" Ali tweaked my nipple again and gave me her most devilish grin: "We have the beach to ourselves pretty much. Everyone else drove to town this afternoon."

The prospect of having sex with Ali again, combined with doing it outdoors while being watched by a hot guy—the blood rushed to my clit at breakneck speed. "Well..." I played with a strand of Ali's glossy dark hair. "I guess we could say we were, uh, striving if anyone catches us."

We both giggled at the reference to



"BEFORE I COULD SAY ANOTHER WORD, ALI'S TONGUE PLUNGED INTO MY MOUTH, AND I FELT HER UNLACE AND DISCARD MY BIKINI TOP."

our sorority motto, and then Ali leaned in and kissed me softly: "Now, Emma, don't be afraid to get nice and loud when I make you come."

Before I could say another word, Ali's tongue plunged into my mouth, and I felt her unlace and discard my bikini top. I moaned as she cupped my breasts and kissed her way down my neck. In due course, her mouth found my nipples, and she took turns sucking and gently nipping each at one.

But when I looked over Ali's shoulder, Brian still seemed rather oblivious to our antics.

Seeing me staring off, Ali playfully bopped my nose. "Hey, focus on me."

I smirked at her. "Give me something to focus on, then."

Ali giggled. "Mmm, it's so on..." She untied my bikini bottoms and tossed them aside. "I love this bare pussy of yours."

Getting a Brazilian had been one of our pledging rituals that spring, and I

really came to enjoy the silky feeling of my denuded pussy lips.

I spread my legs as wide as possible and opened my outer lips for Ali, who then dove right in.

No doubt, my cries of unabashed pleasure were what finally stirred our introverted Brian from his books. While she finger-fucked me, Ali's expert tongue spun around my clit in rapid orbit—enough to take me to outer space and back many times over. I could feel myself reaching the brink when I opened my eyes and saw Brian standing behind Ali, watching my naked body tremble in delight. He removed his sunglasses and looked at me directly with a smile.

"Oh god, Ali—Ali," I panted.

"You gonna come for me, you little Kappa-slut?"

I tried to gesture wordlessly for her to look behind her, but ultimately my orgasm won out. Ali, looking like the cat who got the cream, stroked my tender clit, tormenting me even while my climax subsided.

"Ali," I gasped again. This time, it dawned on her to turn around.

Brian gave a small wave. "Don't let me stop you ladies."

"I don't think anything could stop us," Ali smiled again, "but why don't you join us instead of just standing there?" She reached up and felt the bulge in his shorts. "It sure seems like you want to, anyway."

"I don't think I can argue," Brian smirked.

Ali glanced back at me. "Emma, look at what we have here now."

LETTERS

↘ THREE FOR ALL

I giggled and sat up. “I think I need a closer look.”

“By all means...” Brian unfastened his shorts so Ali could slip them off. And being the competitive and type-A person she was back then, she insisted on trying Brian out in her mouth first. That was fine with me. I took care of her remaining swimsuit and then got underneath her, paying her back for what she did to me moments ago.

“Oh, goddamn,” Brian grunted in satisfaction. Ali was known for her deep-throat skills on campus, so her ability to gobble down his entire eight-inch shaft was no shocker to me. He face-fucked Ali while I made sure to squeeze her ass and give her clit a nice nasty tongue-lashing.

“Ahh!” Ali gasped and looked down at me. “Mmm, you bitch! You’re gonna make me come already!”

Brian stepped back and grinned. “Why don’t I divert your friend for a while?”

“That sounds fun,” Ali said as Brian got down on the blanket.

“Ooh, Emma, he’s so nice and big.”

“I see that, I’m jealous.”

Brian grinned, “Well back that pretty ass up, and I’ll make sure you have some fun, too.” At that point, I ended up sitting on Brian’s face while Ali got to ride him. And even though Ali’s pussy-eating techniques remain some of the most amazing I’ve ever experienced, Brian definitely flew me to the moon, especially when I felt his tongue wander over my ass every so often.

While Ali bounced up and down on Brian dick, she would lean over and kiss

**“AND RIGHT THERE, I
HAD MY FIRST
SQUIRTING ORGASM—
PERFECT SYMMETRY
FOR A DAY SPENT BY
THE WATER.”**

me periodically—it was so hot sharing Brian together, he was our summer conquest—although in the end, I’m the one who got to keep him.

Finally, though, it was my turn to enjoy Brian’s thick dick. But first, he surprised me by kissing me and tugging on my hair. “I’ve always loved blondes,” he whispered.

“Is that a fact?” I got on all fours.

“Yes. Blondes with green eyes and nice asses.” He gave me a playful slap.

I smiled at Brian and then turned back to face Ali, who kissed me again. “I like them, too.” She giggled.

“Yeah, well, you’re very clearly biased,” I laughed and tweaked her sensitive nipples. “Now let me finish what I started before.”

“Ooh, this little play session has made you bossy, Emma.” Ali winked at me. “I like it.” She lay down, opening her legs.

While Brian fucked me from behind doggy-style, I resumed eating Ali out. But I have to say, his cock was so thick and hitting all the right spots, there were plenty of times when I was almost too distracted by my own pleasure. Oh well, you could say I gave it the old college try, and Ali still came buckets. Brian, for his part, hit my G-spot with the precision of a new drill bit.

“Oh my God! Oh God!” I screamed out. Brian fucked me harder still and tugged on my hair, and I felt Ali playing with my tits as my pussy clenched down hard. And right there, I had my first squirting orgasm—perfect symmetry for a day spent by the water.

Brian pulled out of my soaked and swollen pussy and somehow managed to hold on for another minute so Ali and I could share him orally. He finished on both of our faces.

Later that year, Ali took a job out on the West Coast, so sadly that was our last summer at camp together. But these days Brian and I have a little place of our own, albeit on a different lake, and we are hoping to have Ali visit us soon.

—Ms. E.H., Trenton, New Jersey



TASTY

I leaned over and whispered to Candi, “Oh, let’s share him. He looks tasty.” The party was going strong even though it was late and still over 80 degrees. Talk about a heat wave. We each had a nice frozen daiquiri and had been discussing how horny we were. Neither of us had had time to fuck, let alone date, for weeks due to work. Now we had some time to unwind and were scouting the talent at the pool party.

She squinted at him and smiled. “He is cute.”

“You need new glasses,” I said.

“Whatever.” She rolled her big brown eyes and wiggled her eyebrows at me. “Should we go seduce Prince Charming?”

He did have a nice wholesome look about him. I had to laugh.

“It has been a while since we shared a guy.”

“And we are BFFs,” she said. “And our shifts have been so long and classes are starting again soon so...yeah. Let’s do it. Or better yet, him.”

I scouted the crowd and found him sitting on a poolside bench alone drinking a beer.

I grabbed her hand. “Let’s go.”

He was the epitome of wholesome. He had big blue eyes, short brown hair, freckles—just a few—and an easygoing genuine smile. Hopefully Candi and I could show him a good time.

He said his name was Eddie.

I sat on one side. Candi took the other. We chatted about the party. How he knew the host (they shared some classes) and how he played football for the university. No girlfriend. Home was out of state.

“We were kind of wondering if you’d be interested in a smaller party,” I said, putting my drink down. It was still too warm for so late, but a light breeze had started.

“Like what?”



Candi was the bolder of us. She leaned against him, making sure to press her full tits to his biceps, put her small hand on his strong thigh, and said, “Like one that’s air-conditioned.”

He nodded, smiling. “AC sounds pretty good at the moment.”

“And one where we’re naked,” she said, squeezing his leg.

I had to press my lips together to keep from laughing. She was so bold and so funny.

He blinked at her, shifted a little, getting some wood no doubt, and then said, “Me and you?”

She nodded. “Me. You. And her.”

She pointed to me and his head swiveled so fast it was laughable. “And you?” he asked, his voice a little too high.

I took that chance to slide my hand along his other thigh. “If you’re interested...”

He swallowed hard, polished off

his beer, and nodded. “I think I am interested. Very interested. A little surprised. It’s sort of like getting a present you weren’t expecting.”

I laughed outright. “Oh, Eddie, I knew I was going to like you.”

I ran my hand higher up his thigh and then let my fingertips skirt along the new bulge at his crotch. It was a sizable bulge and I couldn’t wait to get my hands on that monster and see it for myself.

Candi had the same thought because suddenly her hand was brushing mine lightly, both of us toying with him just enough considering we were out in the open.

“I know for a fact there’s a room on the third story that’s very nicely air-conditioned and empty,” I said. “Dan is my brother’s bestie and Candi and I are bunking here tonight.”

He nodded again and rose when we stood. “Let’s go, then,” Candi said. “You

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↘ THREE FOR ALL

look like you're getting hot in those shorts."

She led the way and I followed behind him. He had a nice ass. An athlete's ass. And I bet he had an athlete's stamina, too.

We walked single-file through the party, past the noise and chaos, to the second floor. A little less noise and chaos, but still party people making out, some fucking loudly behind closed doors. We went to the third floor and silence enveloped us.

"Wow," he said. "It's almost loud. The silence."

Candi took his hand and led him into the room we were sharing. She pushed the door open and we were met with the air conditioner's hum.

She turned and pulled off her tank top. She struck a pose and said, "Yeah?"

I reached around from behind him and cupped his junk. He grunted and I felt the hard-on beneath his shorts jump.

Candi dropped to her knees and then all fours and crawled toward us. Eddie's cock jumped again and I pressed my body to his back, making sure he felt the warm fullness of my tits against his back.

"How about you take those off?" I said, mouth pressed against his earlobe.

Candi was sitting at his feet patiently. Eddie undid his shorts and had them off super-fast. I followed right behind, stripping off my shorts and blouse.

"Look, everyone's naked, finally," she said and moved toward him again.

She wrapped her hand around his cock and then pushed her lush mouth down over his cockhead. Eddie groaned.

I reached around from behind and cupped his balls, playing with them, hefting them.

"Do you want us?" I whispered in his ear.

"God, yes."

Candi deep-throated him a few times and then glanced up at him. "Then let's move this party to the bed."

Eddie lay flat on his back and she went to town on his dick. Sucking and working it so that he could barely keep still.

I leaned down and kissed him. He kissed me back eagerly. Then I said, "How are you at eating pussy?"

"I've never had any complaints," Eddie said.

I grinned because I'd half-expected him to say he was a virgin.

I lowered myself over his face, feeling his hot breath on me before his tongue even touched me. Then it did. A wet swipe that started at my already drenched opening and ended at my thumping clitoris.

He went at it then, finding his rhythm despite Candi doing wicked things to his cock. He grabbed my hips and held me steady, keeping me where he wanted me. He drove his tongue into my cunt while I watched Candi suck his hard length.

Eddie bucked his hips over and over and she took it like a champ, swallowing him as best she could.

He grunted, too close to coming, and Candi backed off. She looked at me and winked as I played with my nipples. Every pinch went right to my pussy, which was being brilliantly eaten by our new football friend.

I sank a bit lower on his face and his tongue grinded against me.

Candi straddled him, running his hard cock over her folds. She moaned, tossing her hips as she finally positioned him and sank down on him slowly. An inch at a time, his monster cock disappeared inside her. When she was fully seated, she began to rock.

"So?" I asked. Then I gasped because Eddie had thrust a finger inside my cunt. His tongue danced over me, no real rhyme or rhythm, just wet desperation.

I cooed when he thrust that finger deep and then withdrew a bit.

"Good," she finally managed to answer, rolling her hips to grind against him. "Really good. Big dick. Knows what to do with it."

She laughed and he drove up from beneath her.

"Oh, baby," she said. "That's too good."

She started to play with her nipples, too, and then there was just silence but for harsh breathing and wet penetration.





"I'm going to come," I said.

She nodded. "I'm right there with you."

Eddie was practically dancing beneath us with anticipation.

"Don't you come," Candi said. "We're not done with you yet."

"You hear her?"

He nodded, his tongue dragging along my sensitive skin. Ironically, that's what did me in. I came, crying out, my pussy spasming around his thick finger.

Candi was triggered by me and I watched her rock against him hard and fast, and then she was crying out, too. Poor Eddie was clutching the bedsheets.

"Switch," I said, laughing.

We rearranged ourselves. But before we both settled in our new positions, we bent together and licked his cock—her up one side, me up the other. We took turns sucking the tip and reveled in watching him squirm.

"Not long and we'll finish you off that way if you want."

His eyes were wide as he nodded.

Candi settled herself over his eager mouth and he instantly went to town, sucking and licking the juices off her pussy.

I sank down on that cock. That big, thick cock. He was the perfect length. The moment I was fully seated I could feel the tip brushing my swollen G-spot. There's been hardly any effort at all in coming.

I raised and lowered myself with great exaggeration, nearly pulling free of him

"SHE MOANED, TOSSING HER HIPS AS SHE FINALLY POSITIONED HIM AND SANK DOWN ON HIM SLOWLY."

every time before plunging back down, making myself gush. He gasped beneath Candi and she giggled. I watched him press a thick finger inside her. Watched him fuck her pussy with it the way he had mine.

She seemed to like it, pushing herself down to take his finger and his tongue.

Watching him eat her had my cunt pounding. I moved atop him slowly at first, and then faster. The feeling was too good and my insides were so wet.

I clutched his hips and he drove up from beneath me, once, twice, three times. The force and the depth did me in. I came again, my cunt clenching him eagerly.

Candi took my lead once again and came a moment later. Her mouth was open, her eyes shut, her fingers working her tiny pink nipples.

We caught our breath and gathered for Eddie's reward. We met at his crotch and smiled at each other.

"You go high, I'll go low," Candi said. I grinned. "Got it."

I sucked his tip into my mouth, rolled my tongue over the way I would a bulbous lollipop. I sucked a bit farther down and then slowly dragged my tongue up the back of his cock.

Eddie's hips shot up in little jerky thrusts.

Candi went low, sucking his balls into her mouth. She drew on then gently, tongued them, lapped at them.

Together we found a rhythm: me sucking his dick, her working his sac. He was practically thrashing. I decided to up our game and slowly drove a finger into his ass. I found the sweet spot and pressed, working him with my fingers, rolling my tongue over his cockhead.

Candi licked, I sucked, wiggled my finger and Eddie shot his load. He threw an arm over his mouth as he came to stifle his noises.

Which made us giggle.

No one would have heard him over the house party and the wheezing AC unit. But it was cute, anyway. We'd picked a good one.

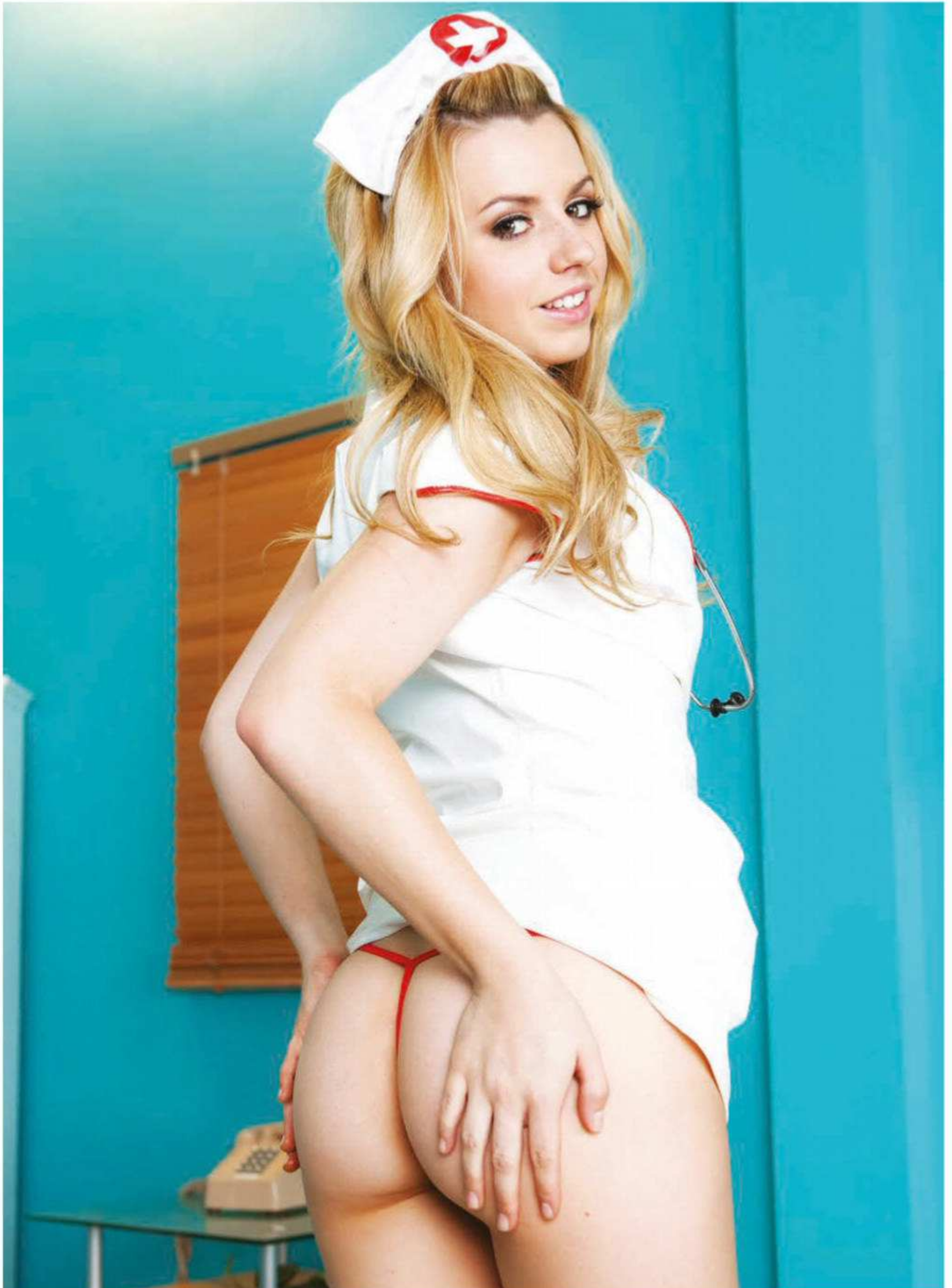
—W.S., Houston, Texas

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PLAYING DOCTOR

LEXI GIVES PIKE A THOROUGH EXAMINATION.

















“THERE IS SOMETHING SO HOT
ABOUT DRESSING UP AS A NURSE
AND PLAYING DOCTOR.”

—LEXI





➤ SOMEONE'S WATCHING

WORKING IT

Jorge had started work in our office, and I just had to get his cock inside me. He was a gorgeous male specimen, with sculpted features and a body, I suspected, as cut as an Olympic ice skater's. I wanted to lick every inch of it, then have him pound my pussy until I was riding the orgasmic shockwave.

Problem was, office romances were frowned upon here, and Jorge, having just started, didn't want to rock the boat. I made my intentions pretty clear during an "innocent" lunch one afternoon. His eyes lit up in that beautiful face, and I felt a surge of heat as he studied me longingly across the table. His gaze seemed to be shredding the clothes off my body.

But in the end, he quietly turned down my advances. He didn't sound the least bit happy about it. I was also seriously disappointed.

I didn't give up, though.

Something jumped up out of my memory. I recalled the first apartment I'd had, a dinky one-bedroom in a neighborhood crowded with cut-rate

apartment buildings. Despite the shabbiness, I was absolutely thrilled to be out on my own. I felt like an independent woman.

There was a full-length mirror on the wall. On one of my first nights in my new place, I stood before it and stripped. I stared at my firm, naked body, assured that nobody was going to walk in on me, that I could do whatever I wanted in here.

I began to stir with excitement. I put my hands to my tits and gently kneaded the high round knolls. My nipples stiffened. I felt my pussy moving with oily warmth. Still watching myself, I started to seriously play with myself. My face flushed, my breath grew short. I stuck two fingers up into myself. Pleasure rippled over me.

Just as I was about to go over the top into a solo climax, the old-style rollup window shade suddenly gave a sharp snap and flew up to the top of the bedroom window. I was suddenly and completely exposed!

I froze. For one thing, I was in shock. For another, there was a man standing in the equally uncovered window directly opposite me. And he was naked, too.

He'd been toweling off his hair just out of the shower, but now he, too, was frozen. Our gazes locked.

After a timeless moment he dropped the towel, and then his cock rose to full impressive hardness. I still had my fingers inside myself. I moved them again, turning fully toward the open window. He wrapped his hand around his rigid shaft and began to pump himself.

The arousal I'd felt earlier was nothing compared to what I experienced now. My whole body churned and blazed. Across the way the man's face twisted with pleasure. There were curtained windows all around us with lights on inside. Anybody could peek out at any second. The sense of exposure was amazingly—and unexpectedly—exciting.

I thrashed with a massive come, drenching my two busy fingers. At the same instant the man shot a huge load. Afterward, smiling sheepishly, we covered our windows. The weird electrifying incident had never happened again, but it remained in my memory as one of my favorite erotic experiences.

It also formed the basis of the plan I hatched to at least have some sexual fun with the dazzling Jorge.

Recently our office, which took up an entire floor of an immense building, had gotten a video conference feature installed. Now everyone could communicate with one other from their desk via video. It made meetings and one-on-one consultations a lot easier. I could talk to anyone from my private office and still be able to look them in the eye. Sometimes that kind of contact was more useful than talking on the phone.

Jorge was an industrious worker. Plainly he wanted to make a good impression. Like me, he tended to stay late when he had an important project going.

Excitement simmered in me as I waited all day to see if he would work late today. My skin prickled with anticipation. I could barely concentrate on my own work as I thought about what I wanted to do. I



flashed back again and again to that crazy anonymous mutual jerkoff session with my neighbor across the way. I wondered, distantly, if that man ever thought of me, if he counted that episode as special, as a moment of self-discovery even.

Before that night I'd never known how much I liked exposing myself. The vulnerability had been so delicious. The possibility of other strangers intruding on our "private" show had made it even more luscious.

The workday ended and the floor began to empty. Lights in offices went out. I lingered. Eventually I ventured out and crept over to where Jorge's work station was. I bit my lip. His light was still on!

I retreated through the vacant corridors, entered my office, and locked it. My heart was racing and my breath was coming short, just like that night when I'd fingered myself in full view of that stranger.

This was different, though. I knew Jorge. I knew he wanted me. If he still refused to date me, then I was going to get this piece of him, anyway.

I sat at my desk and adjusted the camera attached to my monitor to the widest aperture. I checked to see that every bit of me would be visible. Grinning, I found my hands shaking. I had to calm down enough to make contact with Jorge's office.

There was a series of beeps. I panicked for a few seconds, thinking he might not pick up. Then he appeared on my screen, looking puzzled.

"Thora? Hey, I thought everybody had gone home."

The grin still stretched my lips. I gazed into his handsome face. "Jorge..." I said huskily, feeling a new surge of arousal. I raised my trembling hands and began to unbutton my work blouse. I was really going to do this!

I watched his expression change. First his eyes widened, then his jaw slowly dropped. I reached the bottom button and peeled the top off my shoulders. I'd worn



"THEN I HOOKED A THUMB THROUGH THE WAISTBAND AND STRIPPED THE PANTIES DOWN, TOSSING THEM OVER MY SHOULDER."

a sexy silky bra, and the tops of my tits spilled over. I tossed the blouse aside.

"Like what you see?" I asked. Already this was different from that time in my apartment. I'd never spoken to that man in the other window, but here I could communicate directly.

"I..." was all Jorge seemed able to manage. Whatever work had kept him late appeared completely forgotten. He gazed blatantly at my silk-cupped breasts.

Reaching behind to unsnap the bra, I gave him an even better look. My nipples stood out hard and pink. My fast breathing made my high, firm tits rise and fall. Jorge's eyes followed every movement.

I put my hands to my breasts, squeezing, sending hot tendrils of rising excitement all through me. I tweaked my stiff nips, sighs of pleasure escaping my

wet mouth. Jorge licked his lips.

Suddenly I pushed back my chair and stood, making sure I was still in the camera's frame. I shimmied my work skirt down to my ankles and stepped out of it. My flesh crackled with unseen energy, an invisible static electricity of pure excitement. I reached down and started rubbing myself through my silk panties.

I was already damp with desire, and the cool kiss of the fabric made me pulsate with lust. I moaned loudly, still rubbing. Then I hooked a thumb through the waistband and stripped the panties down, tossing them over my shoulder. Now I stood blazingly naked before the man on my computer screen.

His eyes ravished me. His tongue was hanging out of his mouth. None of this was fair, of course. Any responsible thoughts he'd had about avoiding involvement with anyone at the office had gone out the window as he beheld my fine, taut body in all its nude glory.

With a strangled cry, he abruptly launched to his feet. He yanked off his tie, popped two buttons getting his shirt free, then wrestled away the rest of his clothing. He stood beautifully naked, his body as perfect as I'd imagined. His cock was so hard it twitched with his every heartbeat.

I told him to adjust his camera so that I could get the best picture of

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➤ SOMEONE'S WATCHING

him. When it was done, we faced off, standing naked in our respective offices. Desire inflamed us both.

I touched myself again, mauling my tits, pinching my nipples until I squealed with joy. Jorge closed his fingers around his ample cock. I saw a jolt go through him. I would have bet he'd never done anything like this before. But it was obvious how much he was liking it.

Sliding a hand down my flat, smooth belly, I teased a fingertip along my hairless, glistening groove. Shivery pleasure raised goose bumps on my limbs. I slipped a finger inside myself, then another. Working my hips, I ground down on my knuckles.

Jorge started pumping his cock, his forearm working. His swollen cock head was already oozing a drizzle of pre-come. If we'd been in the same room, I would have licked it off him. But this voyeuristic/exhibitionist showdown was its own special kind of erotic fun.

I fingered myself harder, coaxing my clit, sending feverish impulses through my body. Already I was sure an orgasm of titanic strength was gathering over me.

On my monitor Jorge used his other hand to cradle his balls. I saw his fingers move, delicately squeezing, as he continued to jerk his cock with determined motions.

It was like that time in my memory. Better than that. But...something was missing, I thought. Then I realized. Part of the insane joy of that window-to-window episode had been the possibility that some neighbor could catch us at any second.

These conference calls weren't monitored. So far as I knew Jorge and I were alone on this floor. But maybe we weren't. Maybe someone else had stayed late.

"I'm going to open this up to every computer!" I cried. I held a trembling hand over the keyboard.

"Do it!" Jorge shouted, instinctively understanding that the danger of getting caught would only enhance this.

I hit the control. Now anybody still here could see our wild carnal exhibition. I let that fear jack up my excitement until the promised climax started deep inside me. The wicked bliss came shuddering up

through my very being. Juices poured out over my fingers.

Jorge let out a howl. His come went flying, huge white gobs of it. It was a glorious spectacle. He grinned at me.

After that, we began dating. But we were discreet about it.

—T.J., Seattle, Washington

🕒 SHOWTIME

It started off as a lark. You see, we had this neighbor Bill. Bill's courtyard balcony looked directly inside my bedroom window. At all hours of the day and night, Bill could be found on his balcony, smoking a cigarette as he stared idly into my bedroom.

Sure, you could claim it was all an innocent misunderstanding. After all, Bill didn't position his own balcony. Maybe it only seemed like he was looking in my window.

But no. Any hope of that being the case was eradicated the night Bill smiled and waved when I walked into my room after a shower.

One night as Bill sat on his balcony watching my roommate Aubrey and I watch TV, Aubrey joked that we should finally give good ol' Bill what he's looking for.

Nodding, I fisted my shirt in my hands, figuring my roommate simply intended to flash our intrusive neighbor and call it a night.

But Aubrey grabbed my hand, stopping me in my tracks. Then she gently pressed her lips against mine.

Nervousness warred with excitement in my belly. Giggling, my lips vibrated against Aubrey's.

I peeked out of our peripheral vision, trying to catch Bill's reaction. "Is he looking?" I murmured against Aubrey's lips.

"Definitely."

Aubrey cradled my face in the palm



of her hand. One kiss turned into two, then three. Soon our soft, chaste pecks morphed into one long, languid kiss.

Thick and lush, Aubrey's lips seemed poised to consume me completely. By now I'd forgotten that our neighbor Bill was watching, but Aubrey hadn't. She turned our bodies toward the window, making certain that our audience wouldn't miss the best parts of our evening tryst.

Aubrey's enthusiasm for entertaining was contagious. As focused as I was on the wicked things I wanted to do to my roommate, being reminded that someone else was excited by the prospect of our pleasure was intoxicating.

When my lips parted on a sigh, Aubrey traced them with the tip of her tongue. My body jolted, rocked by a sudden pulse down below. I could feel my arousal begin to seep from my center, making my folds grow slick. Since I wasn't wearing any underwear the dampness spread to my thighs, making them slip against one another as I struggled to maintain my balance on the bed.

The kiss grew deeper, our pace positively frantic. Moved by a sudden aching need to bring our bodies closer I opened my mouth on a groan, tangling Aubrey's tongue with my own. She tasted like the tart red wine we drank earlier spiked with the sweetness of the dark chocolate she loved to let melt in her mouth.

Heat coursed through my veins. Desperate to feel every bit of Aubrey's body against mine, I wrapped my arms around her and pulled us together until our breasts collided.

Seeming to be as frustrated by our obstructions as I was, Aubrey cupped my ass and pulled our hips together. Both of our backs bowed, our bodies twisting and contorting in an effort to touch as much as possible. At the same time our arms, hands, and legs grappled for purchase on our bodies, creating delicious friction against our skin.



“WHEN MY LIPS PARTED ON A SIGH, AUBREY TRACED THEM WITH THE TIP OF HER TONGUE.”

Aubrey hooked her fingers into the elastic waistband of my yoga pants. But instead of tugging my pants down like I expected, she brushed her fingers over my hips, igniting the sensitive skin so that it tingled beneath her touch.

Somehow that tingle spread from my hips, dancing dangerously close to my already aching sex. Feeling the last bits of my self-control falling away, I straddled Aubrey's leg. I groaned as I saddled myself on her thigh, immediately pleased by the pressure her hard muscle provided.

Aubrey slid her hand from my lower back down to my ass as she adjusted her stance to keep us both upright. Swooping beneath the curve to cradle the underside, Aubrey cupped my cheek and pulled me hard against her thigh.

I groaned, relieved to finally dispel a bit of the tension plaguing my limbs. The hard press of Aubrey's thigh on my clit couldn't satiate me completely, but it sure as hell was a start.

A quick twist of Aubrey's hip had me crying out again, but this time Aubrey was prepared. As my head tilted back, propelled by the force of my scream, Aubrey tugged my lip between her teeth and held me firmly in place.

By forcing my quaking body to be still, Aubrey increased my pleasure tenfold. Though the sharp tug of Aubrey's teeth was painful, the sharp sting seemed to magnify the pleasing pulse building in my core.

Then Aubrey's hand started moving again. Slowly, her fingers crept from the curve of my ass to the gap between my thighs. Slipping between my legs from behind, Aubrey wiggled her finger against the seam of my slit.

This time I didn't try to pull away when I screamed. Instead I sagged into Aubrey and let her swallow my cries.

As our tongues continued to tangle, Aubrey and I began to frantically grind against one another, creating just enough friction to keep us both teetering on the edge. Soon I wasn't the only one fighting back the moans rumbling in my chest.

We both slid our hands down, rolling one another's pants to our knees so that they held our legs apart, like makeshift spreaders keeping our thighs open.

Now that there was nothing left to cover either of our pussies, Aubrey and I slipped our fingers between one another's thighs. I used my fingers to part Aubrey's folds right as she slid between my own. Mirroring one another's movements, we used our fingers to spread the moisture collecting there.

Then Aubrey's finger slid inside

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my entrance. Biting back a curse, I dropped myself lower into kneeling position, plunging Aubrey's finger deeper inside me.

Realizing the mattress could aid me in my quest to come, I started bouncing on the bed, using the power of the springs to pump Aubrey's finger in and out of my body.

Of course, I didn't want to be the only one crying out for sweet mercy while Bill watched. After a shaking breath, I steadied my shaking limbs enough to skewer Aubrey with my own fingers. She tossed her head back, emitting a low, slow moan.

We were seated inside one another, both at the other's mercy.

Though we tried to keep kissing, the frantic need to finger-fuck one another to completion was far too great. All the moans and whimpers were hampering our kisses anyway.

We pulled away from one another slightly, both of our chests heaving from the pressure of our labored breaths. Still, our hands kept pumping like women possessed. We eyed one another intently as we fucked, each searching for signals

and cues that the other was close to coming apart.

With my walls already rippling and twitching over her fingers, Aubrey flicked her wrist, turning her hand so that her thumb could press against my swollen clit while the other two fingers inside me stroked at the tight bundle of nerves nestled on my wall.

Just a few circles of Aubrey's thumb left my limbs quaking. My legs shook beneath me, making it impossible to stay kneeling as my body twitched under Aubrey's touch. Still, I tried to hold the

**“MIRRORING ONE
ANOTHER'S
MOVEMENTS, WE USED
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SPREAD THE MOISTURE
COLLECTING THERE.”**

pleasure at bay, wanting desperately to pull Aubrey over the edge with me.

But Aubrey was merciless in her quest to make me come. Though her groans let me know she was getting awfully close to her own release, her determination to see me fall to pieces was apparently greater than her need to find relief.

Aubrey twisted her hand one more time as she plunged deeper into my channel. Immediately my body bowed and I rocked on my knees. It wasn't much longer before my roommate had reduced me to a screaming, writhing pile of limbs on the bed.

When my vision cleared and the air returned to my lungs, I saw that Aubrey was still beside me on the bed. She was panting, her cheeks and chest rosy from the exertions of getting me off.

For a moment I swore I would never stand again. Then Aubrey sucked her come-soaked fingers into her mouth.

Suddenly, a second wind awakened me. Aubrey was still kneeling next to me, and her position sparked an idea.

I tugged at Aubrey's legs, urging her to come closer. Wrapping my fingers around Aubrey's knees, I guided one knee up alongside the top of my shoulder. Catching on to my plan, Aubrey shucked off the yoga pants that still sheathed her calves.

After Aubrey's legs were free she swung a leg over my face and crouched above my mouth. Once she was seated comfortably on my face, I buried my mouth between her folds, sucking at the sensitive flesh. Collecting Aubrey's juices on my tongue made me grateful that I hadn't gotten her off with my fingers. Her sweet and sour flavor was different from my own, and I wanted to taste it for as long as I could.

Then there was the satisfaction I felt hearing Aubrey purr lips when I dragged my tongue between her folds. I hummed my appreciation against Aubrey's skin and was surprised when the vibrations made her shiver. Better still, as Aubrey's



hips shimmied, her pussy moved erratically over my lips and my chin, spreading her arousal all over my face.

Determined to do whatever I could to taste Aubrey's come, I pursed my lips and hummed hard, working my mouth to mimic the rhythmic pattern of a vibrator as best I could.

Aubrey whimpered. Her thigh muscles started to shimmy and shake against my face as even more of her delicious juices seeped onto my tongue. Knowing she was close and that I would be longing to taste Aubrey again soon, I plunged my tongue inside her, circling her walls so I could savor her unique flavor.

At the same time I worked my jaw against Aubrey's folds, making sure I stimulated every inch of her sex. My lips became coated in Aubrey's arousal. It quickly became the slickest, most delicious lip gloss I'd ever worn.

Aubrey cried out again, her thighs twitching as her pussy sprayed come all over my lips, chin, and cheeks. Panting, she collapsed onto the bed next to me.

After catching her breath, Aubrey laid the softest kiss on my lips. She whispered, "I'm glad Bill finally inspired us to get together." Then she hopped off the bed and headed into the shower.

After Aubrey left the room, I turned to see if our audience was still watching. Sure enough, the flash of a lighter illuminated Bill on his balcony as he lit another cigarette, waving at me before he plunged back into darkness.

-R.L., New York, New York

PEEPING TOM

I noticed the young neighbor watching me when I was gardening. From what I could tell he'd moved in alone. No girlfriend or boyfriend. No parents. He looked in his mid-20s with dark hair that fell across his forehead, a constant pair of sunglasses, and he was usually



shirtless in gym shorts due to the heat wave we'd been having.

The shorts left little to the imagination when he moved. There was a big swinging dick beneath those shorts. It turned me on. I didn't want to fuck him, though. I wanted him to see me get fucked.

I told Todd when he got home from work. We'd been together long enough that he knew all my kinks. So he froze, with a small smile on his face, when I said over parmesan shrimp and pasta, "The new neighbor guy stares at me. A lot..."

He shook his head and chuckled. "You want to give him something to really stare at?"

I tried swallowing my food; it felt like it was stuck in my throat. "Yes. I do. I really, really do."

"How much?"

We were eating side by side on the sofa while a movie we'd seen played at a murmured volume. His hand strayed up beneath my sundress and he stroked my panties. Beneath the thin cotton my pussy grew wet. I shifted, trying to find a better position. I failed.

His finger trailed over my clitoris, already plump and throbbing just from our conversation.

"A lot," I managed.

Todd pushed a finger beneath my panties and dragged it over my naked clit. I shuddered.

"Someone's wet."

"Very."

"Short answers. Someone's so turned

on her brain isn't working."

"True."

He put his plate down and took mine. "Tell me, what do you want to do?"

He knelt before me on the floor, lowering himself slowly until his mouth hovered over my pussy. I knew that he would not touch that tongue of his to my pussy until I said something that pleased him.

"I want to fuck in the bay window. His deck faces it. Most nights he's out there drinking a few beers, smoking, listening to music."

His mouth latched onto me and my hips shot up to bump against his tongue. He chuckled and pushed my hips down. Then he went at me. Eating me slow and lazy so that I could watch every lap of his tongue. He grew slower and slower until I was panting. When he sped up for just a second or two I came, pushing against his shoulders.

He righted himself and we fought for the button of his shorts before he batted my hand away. He freed himself, grabbed my hips, hauled me to the edge of the sofa, and drove his hard dick into me.

I grunted from the force of his entry. I squeezed my internal muscles around him so that he winced. He didn't want to come fast, but when I did that, it enticed him to let go.

"Don't."

I grinned. I squeezed. He sighed and fucked me faster. His hands gripped my hips. My dress inched up higher and higher. Todd sucked my nipple through the bodice of my dress. He shoved into

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➤ SOMEONE'S WATCHING

“I POINTED MY TOES AND CLIMBED ONE LEG UP THE PART OF THE FRAME FACING ME.”



me chaotically. And then he came just as my pussy clenched wetly around his shaft.

He looked up at me, out of breath, but smiling. “Tomorrow? It’s Friday.”

“Sounds perfect,” I said. “I can hardly wait.”

And waiting was the hardest part.

I checked that window every 15 minutes the next day. I worked from home and sometimes that was a curse. Too easy to get distracted by things like dishes, laundry...or sexy neighbors who often stared at you.

I sat in the window seat and wondered how the hell he’d see us with all this sun. It was a good angle. If I could see him, he could see me, and I had planned on not putting our little display on until the sky had started to darken a bit with twilight, which meant there were hours to go before we could get started.

Todd called to say he’d be late and by the time the dinner hour rolled around, I was losing it. I drank a glass of wine while sitting in the window seat.

I saw our young neighbor arrive home from work. He climbed out of his truck carrying a six-pack of beer.

I slipped my hand beneath my skirt and ran my fingertip over the gusset of my panties. Pleasure lanced through me, so I did it again. And again.

After a few minutes, he came out onto his back deck with a beer. He’d changed into shorts and a weathered tee. He was ridiculously handsome, I realized. And I

wanted him to see me come.

When Todd got home I scrambled from the seat and kissed him. He licked my lower lip.

“Tastes like wine.”

“I needed wine to take the edge off.”

He poured me another glass. “Get back in the seat. It’s turning to dusk out there.” He turned on the lamp and I was suddenly backlit.

A glance told me that our neighbor was in his seat, already drinking his second beer.

I got in the window seat and sipped my wine. I pointed my toes and climbed one leg up the part of the frame facing me.

In my peripheral vision, I saw him looking.

“Put your hand under your skirt,” Todd said. He stood off to one side so he couldn’t be seen.

I slid my hand beneath my skirt, rubbing my clit through my panties. They were already wet in the center. I did it more dramatically this time, so what I was doing became increasingly obvious.

A quick glance showed me I had his rapt attention.

“Lift your hips up and slide those panties off,” Todd said. His voice was velvety but almost sinister. My nipples spiked and the breath in my lungs felt heavy.

I lifted my hips, fluffed my skirt to give a flash of thigh, and slowly dragged my white cotton panties down. I dropped them to the side.

“Skirt up around your waist,” Todd said.

This was new for us, him instructing while I obeyed his commands. A frisson of excitement came over me.

“Spread your pussy lips. Angle yourself a bit more.” His voice was growing gruff. His excitement was building, too.

I did as he said and plunged a finger into myself. I gathered my wetness and spread it slowly over my clit. Big, circling revolutions of my fingers. I plunged my finger back in and thrust my hips up. Anyone watching should be able to tell I was getting myself off.

I subtly glanced his way. Not obvious for him to know I was looking. His hand now rested on his lap. He swigged his beer slowly as if transfixed.

I heard Todd inhale and then he was there, in the window seat with me, shoving my skirt up higher, knocking my legs wide. He put his mouth on my pussy, sucking, drawing on me slowly. I groaned, turned on in general, but even more so with how turned on he seemed. He pushed his fingers into me roughly and I arched up to let him.

The thrill of having the new neighbor watching was enough to send me right

over the edge. I came, clutching Todd's shoulders. But he just kept going, adding a third finger to the two already plunging deep inside me.

"Fuck, fuck—," I panted.

"Soon," he snarled against my inner thigh. Then he went back to lapping at my pussy while fucking me heartily with his fingers.

I was gushing, so wet I heard every plunge of his fingers into my recesses.

He sucked my clit vigorously, knowing once I'd already come, I needed more force. He drew on me repeatedly until I found myself capitulating to his ministrations again.

I glanced to the side to see our neighbor in his Adirondack chair. His beer was on the deck, his hand on his lap. He wasn't moving it, he wasn't touching himself, but he was transfixed on us.

"Fuck me," I said, "Fuck me. He's watching..." The words rushed out of me along with the air in my lungs

Todd got his pants off and knelt on the window seat. He grabbed my hair and pushed gently as I lowered. "Suck," he said.

I did. Body bent forward, ass in the air, I sucked his cock, fast and eagerly. He was hard and warm in my mouth. His skin tasted like salt water. I gulped him down, ran my tongue along his shaft, sucked the tip. I made a show of it while my juices dripped down my inner thighs.

He fisted my hair, held my head, fucked my mouth. His lean hips shot forward.

He knew I couldn't see, so he fed me the information I needed. "He's watching. He's considering jerking off. He keeps running his finger up and down his crotch." He grunted, thrusting into my willing mouth so hard it made my breath stutter.

He pulled away suddenly and I cried out. But then he was turning me, spinning me, not even letting me right myself. He turned me away from him and pushed a finger into my cunt.

"Juicy," he growled, then laughed. "If he doesn't run inside to get off when this is over, there's something wrong with him."

"Is he watching?" I moaned.

I wanted to see, but Todd describing it to me heightened my arousal. He slid a finger into my anus and I jumped.

"Oh, yeah. He's watching. He has his palm pressed against his dick and he's transfixed. Who wouldn't be?" he asked, fucking my asshole with his finger as he pounded into me. "That ass. Anyone would want to jerk off at seeing this ass." His free hand caressed my ass cheek and the sensation of a tender touch coupled with his hearty thrusting made my pussy clench up around him.

His finger continued to work my back hole and I found myself driving back against him. I was so close, so close to coming again.

"Come on, baby. Give him one more."

I turned my head at an awkward angle, but it allowed me a glance out the window through the hair that had fallen

across my face. He was watching, his hand moving restlessly atop his lap.

He was going to jerk off. He was going to jerk off to us. To me.

I came, and I wasn't quiet about it. I drove back a few times as my pussy clenched around Todd's cock.

"Final bit to the show," Todd groaned. He pulled out of me and left me gasping. Then hot come was splashing my back and ass. I glanced over again as I tried to catch my breath, just in time to see our neighbor stand and hurry through his sliding door. His shorts tented with his arousal.

I smiled.

-M.S., Des Moines, Iowa

Seeing is believing. When you spy the encounter you've been looking for, let us know about it. Mail your story to: *Penthouse Letters*, Department SW, 8944 Mason Avenue, Chatsworth, CA, 91311, or email it to: letters@penthouse.com.





UNMASKED

DARCIE AND JAYME PREFER IT WHEN
THE MASK COMES OFF.





“I’M ALL ABOUT COCK, BUT THERE’S
SOMETHING ELIGHTENING ABOUT
BEING WITH A WOMAN.”

—DARCIE









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THE MUSE

A nameless temptress gives Tim all the inspiration he's been missing.

By Tim Hickerson

I threw my coffee cup into the garbage can. Too bad the cup was only Styrofoam. I would have felt a lot better if it was ceramic and it would have broken with a satisfying crash.

I was sitting at my desk, staring at my computer screen, and I'd had enough of that for one day. I highlighted the entire document—a meager two pages—and deleted it with one keystroke. A part of me longed for the old days when you could rip the page out of the typewriter, wad it into a ball, and throw it into the trash, or better yet onto the floor.

It was much more satisfying when you had an article to write and the words wouldn't come.

I flipped the desk calendar. Six days. That's all I had. The magazine was counting on me for the lead story. I'd done all the research. But I couldn't put it together. So I booked a week at the lakeside cabin I used as my retreat. This time the change of locale wasn't helping.

I decided to go for a run. Maybe that would break the block.

I shuffled out the front door into the warm midday sun. I stretched, wrestling with mixed feelings about setting out on the four-mile circuit that skirted the lake. That's when she jogged past his driveway.

The girl from across the lake.

Well, not really across the lake. The backs of our cabins faced each other across an inlet. They were perhaps 20 yards apart, but that might as well be the Pacific Ocean for all the interaction we'd had. I'd seen her for the first time two days ago, leaning over the deck railing, looking wistfully out toward the water. The luxury cabin, like many of them here, was a rental and she was its latest occupant. Even from a distance,

she was a beauty.

That day only thin racing shorts and a skimpy tank top covered her sleek runner's body. Her blonde hair was pulled back into a ponytail that swished back and forth. Maybe a run wasn't such a bad idea.

I bounded down the driveway and turned onto the path. She was about 30 yards ahead of me, running easily. Though I usually started slowly, I broke right into a full run, not wanting to lose sight of her.

**“I HAVE A
CONFESSION.” HER
FREE HAND WENT
DOWN TO THE LAPEL
OF HER ROBE. “IT KIND
OF TURNED ME ON.”**

I watched the fluid movement of her body, the powerful movement of her trim legs, the hypnotic churning of her ass. I imagined what she would be like in bed. Bet you're a wild one.

My breathing quickly became labored. I closed the gap, but she was moving too fast for me. And now she was pulling away. I am an even six feet and in good shape, but I have classic sprinter's muscles. I don't like long distances. Still, I picked it up a notch.

My heart banged in my chest as I pushed myself, losing her for a while, then coming close enough to see the

glistening sweat on her legs and arms. But I never could catch up to her. Toward the end, she left me in the dust.

“Shit,” I said out loud as she disappeared over a rise.

Back at the cabin, I stood in the study, wearing only a bath towel, wet hair plastered to my head. I sucked down a bottle of water while staring at the computer.

I gave up.

I threw on sweats, marched over to the couch, and found a baseball game on TV. After the game, I returned again to the computer. I was contemplating ripping out the keyboard or perhaps kicking in the monitor when the phone rang.

“Hello.”

“Is this Tim? Tim?” The caller's voice was female, friendly, personal, but hardly more than a whisper.

“Yes,” I replied cautiously. The voice was unidentifiable. “Who's this?”

“Did you enjoy the scenery today?”

“What?” My hand clenched around the phone. I jumped out of my chair and stepped back until I was pressed into the corner of the bookshelves.

The voice was calm, reassuring, sensual.

“Don't worry, Tim. I don't mind that you were watching me.”

I leaned forward, daring to peek out my back window. Our cabins faced each other so we could see each other's main rooms through full-length picture windows. But we were sheltered from the view of other cabins.

“Actually, I rather like it.” She was standing in the window wearing a short robe and holding what looked to be a cell phone. Her hair cascaded down over her shoulders, partially hiding her



face behind a blonde curtain.

"You're pretty fast," I said, grimacing and cursing myself for not coming up with something better. I remained in the shadows.

"I slowed down a couple of times to let you catch up." She was twirling a strand of hair with her free hand. My eyes were drawn to the subtle, sensual movement. "Did you like what you saw?"

I was speechless. Her gray eyes stared right at me, though I was certain she couldn't see me. "Yes," I finally replied softly. "You're a very pretty girl. What's your name?"

"You're a pretty foxy guy yourself," she said, ignoring my question.

"You looked very sexy in that towel today." I was a little shocked, but also intrigued and... aroused.

"I have a confession." Her free hand

went down to the lapel of her robe.

"It kind of turned me on. Knowing you were watching me." Her hand spread the lapels of the robe apart. "Would you like to see more?" She maintained the sexy whisper.

"Yes," I said as he watched her pull the robe open.

"I thought you would." The robe fell open exposing ample, round breasts. Her fingers caressed one, then the other. My thighs flexed involuntarily and my hand went down to the massive bulge that had appeared in my pants. I rubbed my steeled cock as she played with her breasts.

"Do you like watching?" she asked.

Silly question. "Yes."

"Mmm, good." Her hand moved down under the robe to her crotch, which was still hidden under the robe. I could hear

her breathing over the phone.

She seemed to be lost somewhere for a moment, then she was back again.

"Got to go now, Tim." Her hand still worked under the robe.

"No. Wait."

"Tomorrow. After dinner. I'll call you."

I stepped forward. "Call? For what? Hey, at least tell me your name."

"Got to go now." She turned and disappeared into the cabin. "Tomorrow."

She disconnected.

I stood there, stunned, holding the phone to my ear.

The next day, I tried repeatedly to get back to work, but my mind was consumed by images of the girl standing in the window. My cock stirred every time I thought about what she might have in mind for tonight. Who was this mystery lady? Why was she presenting

EROTICA

herself to me like this?

Was it for her pleasure or mine?

Too many questions. I decided to call her Salome after the biblical seductress. I thought of trying to phone the cabin, but I was afraid that might be against the rules. I'd have to wait. My expectation made the hours drag mercilessly.

By the time evening approached, I was as excited as I could ever remember being in anticipation of seeing her again. What was she going to do? I kept looking for her, but her drapes were closed. I stayed home all evening and cooked a frozen dinner.

When the phone rang, I dove for it.

"Hello?" I saw that her lights were on and the drapes were open. There was a well-dressed man standing at the window holding a glass of white wine. He looked vaguely sinister. Definitely not a local. He also looked vaguely familiar. I couldn't see Salome.

"You alone?" she asked in a low voice.

"Yes." I suddenly felt like a conspirator.

I heard a sudden scratching sound on the phone. Salome had put her hand over the microphone. I heard her muffled

voice say, "I'll be right there."

There was another scratching sound, then Salome's normal voice. "Are you excited?"

"Yes. I can hardly wait."

"Me, too." The line disconnected.

As I turned out the lights, Salome appeared from somewhere in the cabin.

She was wearing a short, sexy dress that flowed over her curves. I retreated into the darkness.

I watched as Salome came up to the man. She took his wine glass and put it on a table as he put his arms around her. Their mouths met in a wild frenzy of passionate kisses. The man's hands ran through her hair, then slowly worked their way down. Her back was angled to me and I watched, transfixed, as the man pulled her dress up, exposing the length of her legs and the smooth flesh of that firm ass. She was wearing only skimpy panties, and the man played his hands over her porcelain skin.

Salome unbuttoned the man's shirt. She kissed his chest before dropping to her knees, her hands deftly undoing his belt and fly. When his cock sprang free

in front of her, the man went to reach for the drawstring for the drapes. But Salome grabbed his hand and brought it back to her head. He took the cue and held her head as she began kissing his engorged cock head. When she took him into her mouth, the man threw his head back. I licked my dry lips and could almost feel her soft lips around my own hardened cock.

Salome devoured him, making sure that I could see all the action. When she deep-throated him, her nose nestling in his pubic hair, I groaned and started massaging my cock. I thought about taking it out and pleasuring myself right there, but for now I just stroked it through the fabric.

Salome sucked the man hungrily, her mouth riding up and down his length.

It must have been too much for him, because he pulled her up and pushed the dress down over her shoulders. He hooked the panties on the way down and she stood naked before him. I marveled again at those beautiful breasts, imagining that it was my hands caressing them. The man said something and Salome smiled and tossed her head back. He took her in his arms and kissed her neck and shoulders. Salome closed her eyes, enjoying the feel of his lips on her skin. When he reached her breasts, he licked and sucked them with tender devotion. Salome's arms wrapped around him, clutching him to her. I was breathing hard and my cock throbbed. I felt with them in a way.

Salome motioned for the man to lie on the floor. His cock stood up like the Leaning Tower of Pisa as she straddled him. I could swear that she was looking directly at me as she grabbed the man's rod and brought herself to it. She was apparently juiced and ready, because with two quick motions she impaled herself on it.

After that there was no holding back. He played with her tits and rubbed



her nubs as she rode him, their hips smacking into each other's. I was mesmerized. My cock was straining against my pants. When their fucking became even more furious and Salome threw her head back in ecstasy, I had to let my member out. I wrapped my hand around it as Salome put her head down, thrashing her hair back and forth across the man's chest.

We may have all climaxed together. The man certainly did because he suddenly drove into Salome with enough force to lift her off the floor.

Salome threw her head back and opened her mouth in a squealing scream that I could just hear. I grabbed a wad of tissues and spurted my load into it, grunting fiercely as if it was I who had fucked her.

It was over. Salome and the man disappeared into the cabin. I regained my composure and just sat there in the dark room, savoring the exhilaration of this voyeuristic threesome.

In the morning, I tried to contact Salome. I had to know more about her.

I called the property manager handling the cabin but was told that there was no regular phone service. So I walked over to it. Though I could easily toss a stone from my balcony to hers, it was a quarter-mile walk out the front and down the road.

When I reached her cabin, I was stopped by a locked wrought-iron gate. I called out, but no one answered. Maybe she didn't want to see me. I preferred to think that she wasn't there.

Back at my cabin, I fell into a chair and tried to figure out how to reach her. I sat there for a long time until the phone rang.

It was Salome. "Did you enjoy it?" she asked.

"Immensely," I replied. "Listen, I've got to see you. Talk to you. Not over the phone."

"I don't think that's a good idea."

Common sense told me to forget her



"I RUBBED MY STEELED COCK AS SHE PLAYED WITH HER BREASTS."

and move on. But I couldn't. After last night I felt a curious bond with her, and I desperately wanted to see her, perhaps hold her in my arms.

"I'll come by at seven," I proposed. "Just to talk."

"No," she replied sharply. Then she added softly. "I'll come to your place at eight."

I tried to work again, but my mind kept drifting to images of last night and the anticipation of tonight. What did I expect? I wasn't sure. I hoped to be

able to reach Salome, to break down the brick wall she had around her. Part of me just wanted to know her better. Part of me wanted to carry her off to my bed.

Salome arrived right on time. She wore a sleeveless top and shorts that showed off her lovely legs. She wasn't wearing a bra, and her breasts poked at the thin fabric.

I poured two glasses of Cabernet. She sipped her wine and wandered around the room, running her hand lightly over the furniture. It was an awkward moment.

I took the offensive. "So who was that guy?"

Salome remained evasive. "Trust me, you don't want to know."

"He your husband?"

"No," she replied with a laugh.

"Does he know about last night?"

"In general, yes. You specifically, no." She looked at me out of the corner of her eyes. "You ask a lot of questions."

"Occupational hazard. I'm a writer."

She moved toward me. "You're not going to write about me, are you?"

EROTICA



"Not my territory. I write for technology magazines. After last night I just wanted to know you better." She took another step closer. I noticed that her breathing had deepened. "You're not going to tell me your name, are you?"

Salome smiled. "No." Her eyes burned into mine.

She was within arm's reach. I grabbed her into my arms. My hips pushed into hers as our lips met in wild, wet kisses that I felt down to my toes. She responded fervently, crushing her body against mine. Our hands roamed and caressed. Her fingers felt like a feather on the back of my neck.

She felt the hard bulge in my crotch, then took my hand. "It's a beautiful night," she said. "Let's do it on the deck. Under the stars."

I glanced toward her cabin. It was dark, but the drapes were partially open.

Were there unseen eyes watching us, eager to share in our lovemaking? Salome looked into my eyes. "Does it matter?" she asked softly.

I gave her hand a squeeze. "No."

I followed her out to the deck. Was it coincidental that she led me to a reclining deck chair that was in full view of her cabin?

I didn't care.

Salome lay back and pulled me to her. Our hands flew over each other's bodies, removing clothes until we were naked in each other's arms. I relished the feeling of her cool, smooth skin against mine, the crush of her breasts against my chest. I kissed her cheeks, her neck, her shoulders. This beautiful and mysterious woman was rocketing my excitement to new levels.

I lavished oral attention on Salome's full, firm breasts, licking her aroused

nipples. Then I worked my way down her flat stomach to her vagina, already wet and swollen with desire. Here, too, I spent loving time, driving her wild until her hips were pushing into me and she was gasping for air.

"You've got me so hot," she managed to say. "I want you inside me."

I rose up and let her guide my manhood to her entrance. I probed her tunnel, my cock head pushing easily past her slick labia. Then I thrust my dick home, burying it into her pulsing depths. Salome moaned. Her cunt muscles yielded and closed around me. I began pumping into her but regained my composure and settled down to a slow, sensual rhythm.

"Mm, yes, baby," Salome cooed. "There's no hurry." Her cunt grabbed at my cock as it stroked her, urging me deeper. I was entranced in the

“SO WE GAVE IN TO IT, GRADUALLY BUILDING TO A FEVERED PITCH.”

moment. I forgot all about the cabin and its dark questions.

Eventually, the pressure became too much for us to contain. So we gave in to it, gradually building to a fevered pitch. After the long road to the pinnacle, our bodies were shiny with sweat. We came together in an undulating frenzy.

Later, we lay on the couch snuggled under a fluffy comforter. I tried a few more questions, but Salome silenced me by bringing her mouth to mine and rolling on top of me. She sucked me to full hardness and we made love again.

Deep in the night, with her head resting on my chest, I was content to bathe in the warmth of her body. Thoroughly exhausted, I let my eyes close.

The morning sun tugged me from sound sleep. Even before I opened his eyes, I knew she was gone. I jumped up, dressed, and rushed over to Salome's cabin. The gate was locked, but I saw a gardener tending to some bushes.

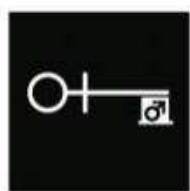
“Do you know where the lady staying here is?”

“She's gone back to the city,” the gardener replied. “Left early this morning.”

I shrugged. How appropriate.

Back at my cabin, I sat in front of the computer. I closed my eyes and thought about Salome for a moment. Then I began typing and the words flew onto the screen. 





TRUE CONFESSIONS

HELLCAT

A naturally bossy woman knows what she wants when it comes to business—and pleasure.

I stroked Helen's smooth, round ass for a moment and watched her head bob up and down on Roger's cock. The sight of her lovely mouth devouring him caused my own cock to twitch in anticipation. I licked my lips. "Beautiful," I said. "Just beautiful."

She rotated her ass, inviting me. I ran one hand along the curve of her hip, then slid it between her legs to her pussy. It was soft and ready, slick with juice.

What a turn-on, watching your girl fucking or sucking a big hard cock while you prepare to fill her up with yours. I think every guy, whether he admits it or not, dreams of having a threesome, most commonly with two women at the same time. Two sets of hands caressing your body, two sets of lips to kiss, two pussies to please with your cock and mouth. Man, you haven't lived until you let your cock operate on autopilot while one woman sits on it because you're busy working your lips and tongue on the exquisite pussy above your face.

But sharing your lover with another guy can be just as exciting, if not more so. It's like watching and doing at the same time, driving your senses into overload. Moreover, it's knowing that she is going to be totally maxed out with throbbing man meat, every square inch of her body tingling.

I consider myself extremely fortunate to have experienced both variations. Sometimes the threesome was the result of careful plotting and planning. That's part of the fun—the anticipation and knowing what's in store. Other times, the situation presents itself and you just go for it.

That's how this adventure happened.

Helen, also known as "The Hellcat," had been barking orders all evening—as usual.

"Bring those tables together. Excuse

me, miss. We need another round of drinks over here. Thanks, doll."

Helen was the trade show manager for our company. That meant she had full authority over setup and presentation at trade shows, including the big one on which our team of around 30 people had just spent close to a week exhausting ourselves. Helen had a naturally bossy personality, which made her perfect for running the trade show team and led to her nickname. But she was also witty and fair-minded and I had always

**"AS IT TURNED
OUT, HELEN WAS
AS PASSIONATE
AS SHE
WAS BOSSY."**

enjoyed working with her.

On the job, Helen normally dressed in conservative business suits, her blonde hair pulled back severely. But her pale green eyes always had a sensual sparkle about them. And in the evening, she would let loose. Off came the jacket and down came the shoulder-length hair. Sometimes she would undo a button or two on her blouse—just enough to entice furtive glances from any male within viewing range.

This trade show was over and we had just finished off an elegant company-sponsored group dinner. Afterward, most of us adjourned to the lounge for

some well-deserved libation. Helen had the expense account.

As the evening wore on, people drifted off, either to catch late flights home or to turn in early. When the crowd had dwindled to a manageable number, Helen invited everyone up to her room. "I've got a bottle of Cuervo 1800 and I'm not taking it home," she said, rounding us up.

I considered my options. I had nothing to do until my flight the next day. And unless it was just wishful thinking, Helen was being a little flirty. Okay, I'll stick around, see what happens.

So six of us made our way up to Helen's room, or should I say suite. Since she was the one who made all the reservations for everyone working on the show, the hotel usually upgraded her as a thank-you gesture. Helen always had the nicest room, the best view, or the most amenities. This time she had a three-room suite overlooking the city.

Helen ordered up some snacks. Throughout the evening I had the sneaking suspicion that she was trying to orchestrate something. You see, I knew Helen as a hellcat of a slightly different nature—a sensual feline with a voracious sexual appetite.

Last year, I traveled to HQ for two weeks to work with her on a series of sales presentations. On my last night there, we went out for what started out to be a casual dinner. Well, one thing led to another and we wound up back at her place for an evening of unfettered, sweaty, thoroughly gratifying sex.

We started making love in the living room, worked our way to the bedroom, and closed out the night—or rather early morning—by screwing on a barstool in the kitchen. As it turned out, Helen was as passionate as she was bossy—and

she was plenty bossy.

I watched her, wondering what she had up her sleeve tonight, hoping that I was in the script. So I stuck around until it was just Helen, Roger, and me. Pretty good odds. Helen was sitting on the sofa, her legs crossed. She had allowed her skirt to ride up high enough for me to spy the black band of thigh-high hose. And somewhere along the line she had undone another button of her blouse. She leaned forward to grab the nearly empty Cuervo bottle, offering a tantalizing glimpse of her cream-colored lace bra. "C'mon, one more toast," she said.

She motioned for Roger and me to sit beside her on the sofa.

We all held up our glasses. "To good living," Roger said.

Helen added, "And to good loving—unbounded, unbridled, and uncompromising."

That took me by surprise. Roger and I just looked at each other as Helen tossed down her Cuervo.

"Amen," I managed to blurt out, and Roger and I downed our shots.

We slammed our glasses down on the coffee table almost in unison. No sooner were the glasses down than Helen turned to Roger and planted what looked like a deep, churning kiss on him. I watched for a moment, enjoying the view as their heads rolled back and forth, their lips mashing together. Roger's hand went up to her head, his fingers playing in her soft blonde hair.

I figured Helen had chosen Roger for the evening. That's what she does; she chooses her partner. So I figured I'd make a graceful, if disappointed, exit. With a pang of envy I said, "I'll just be leaving the rest of this here bottle to you two lovebirds."

But Helen turned to me and grabbed my head in her hands. "Hey, where do you think you're going?" And her lips found mine. Our mouths locked in a hard, deep, wet kiss that brought back memories of that night last year.



LETTERS

TRUE CONFESSIONS

I remembered those lips. And I felt that kiss down to my toes and in every appendage along the way.

When I came up for air, I must have had a puzzled look on my face. As she pulled my polo shirt over my head Helen said, "I'll let you in on a secret. Roger is more than a casual acquaintance." I found out later that they had been dating, for lack of a better word, for about six months. "I've got my two favorite guys here," she said, adding, "and you know, sometimes one just isn't enough." She winked at me. I took that to mean that she was just kidding, but hey, with her you never know.

Her lips hit mine again. Our lips pressed together, mouths open, and the tip of her tongue found mine. My hand dipped between the folds of her blouse and cupped her lace-covered breast. I caressed it, feeling her soft flesh and her erect nipple through the fabric. I played with the hardened nub and squeezed it tenderly, causing her to moan softly.

My eyes kept closing involuntarily, but I did see Roger slide his hand up under Helen's skirt—which had ridden high up on her legs by now. I could almost feel

his fingers sliding up along the inside of her nylon-covered thighs, relishing in the feel of her warm, bare skin, and homing in on the lacy covering over her pussy. Was it wet yet? I'll bet it was.

Helen reached down and stroked my engorged rod through my cotton pants. It was rock-hard and aching for action. She undid my pants expertly with one hand, freeing my pole from its confines. It stood straight out at her and she circled her hand around it, stroking it lovingly.

As much as I longed to feel Helen's lips on my cock, I knew this was a sharing event. I said, "Maybe Roger wants..." but that's all I got out. She put a finger to my lips to shush me and flashed those sexy green eyes.

Roger held out his hand. "Go right ahead. I insist." Helen and I kissed wild, wet kisses, our tongues twirling and probing, as Roger reached around and slipped off her blouse and bra. Her beautiful breasts—round, perfect handfuls—fell free. Roger took one in each hand, playing with them and rolling her nipples between his fingers.

But by now we had worked our way

into somewhat awkward positions on the couch, and our clothes were definitely getting in the way. When Helen stood to unzip her skirt, I took the opportunity to peel off the rest of my clothes. Roger shed his with lightning speed. I admired Helen's trim but amply curved body as she slipped out of her skirt, hose, and sexy lace bikini panties. Soon, a mixture of clothes was strewn around the room and, gloriously naked, we adjourned to the bedroom.

I jumped onto the king-size bed and sat back against the pillows. Helen followed and kneeled between my legs. She took my rod in one hand and gave me a wicked little smile. "Hmm," she hummed. "I remember this." She gave it a couple more light strokes and licked her lips before taking me into her mouth.

Ah, yes.

Although I arched my back up toward her she took in just the head at first, kissing it and licking the top of my shaft. Then gradually she swallowed more and more. "Oh, yeah," I moaned. "I remember that, too."

Heaven. Lightning shot through my body.

Helen was an eager, loving fellatrix. Her soft lips rode up and down my manhood. And it throbbed in response to her sucking and licking. Sometimes she would concentrate just on the top, playing her lips over the rim, her tongue licking and twirling around my head and flicking at its tip. Then she would open up and take me all the way into her throat. I let out an animal growl and threw my head back into the pillows.

"Ah, you like that," she said when she came up.

"Oh, you know I do."

Roger had been watching, enjoying the performance. He decided it was time to join in and he slid across the bed lying on his back with his head under Helen's crotch. As he dove in between her legs he said, "Hey baby, let me in." Without missing a stroke on my cock, Helen shifted her position to give Roger a clear





shot at her pussy.

When he started licking her cunt, she paused in her ministrations on me and let out a long, soft moan. Then she attacked my cock with renewed vigor, her warm, sucking mouth pumping my member with constant rhythm until I was starting to feel that familiar pressure.

But Helen knew exactly what to do. She backed off, her lips now feeling light and gentle on my engorged stalk. When she looked up her eyes were unfocused, her mind and body rapt in the feeling of my cock in her mouth and Roger's tongue pleasuring her pussy. She shuddered a couple of times, perhaps in response to him licking her little love button.

I played my hands through Helen's honey hair. She withdrew her mouth from me and stroked my saliva-slickened cock. Then she stared into my eyes and said, "I want you inside me." She pivoted around so that she was on all fours alongside Roger, her head above his crotch. Grabbing his meat she said, "Your turn,

big boy." And she took him in her mouth. I couldn't help but notice that he was indeed a big boy, at least as big as me. And I've got a pretty good mouthful, if I do say so myself.

Roger propped himself up on his elbows so he could watch Helen devour his cock. He had this silly smile on his face and nodded to me as if to say, "Well, what are you waiting for?" I took in the cock-

tingling view of Helen sucking him for a moment before drawing up behind her.

So there I was, running my hand between her legs to her soft, wet, waiting pussy.

Her labia were well-primed—slick and supple. I ran my fingers along her slit, caressing the soft tissues, working my way gradually to her clitoris. Her hips flexed around my hand. I found her hard little love button and teased it with my fingers. That made Helen moan, even though she was still sucking Roger.

I poked my sword at the entrance to her tunnel to get the lay of the land. Then I put my hands on her hips and pushed into her with one long thrust. She was so wet and ready that I slid in easily. Helen withdrew from Roger and sucked in a huge breath. "Oh, yeah," she said. Then, as I began stroking into her cunt, probing her deepest recesses, she got back to business, sucking Roger's rod.

I wanted to work slowly and make this super-exciting fuck last, but I was

**"I PUT MY HANDS
ON HER HIPS AND
PUSHED INTO
HER WITH ONE
LONG THRUST."**

LETTERS

TRUE CONFESSIONS

so turned on by Helen's oral endeavors and the sights and sounds of the three of us going at it that I soon lost control. I plunged my tool into Helen's pussy with long, firm strokes.

Helen must have been in the same boat because at first she restricted the thrusting of her hips back into mine. I suppose it made it easier for her to keep Roger's big cock in her mouth. Every nerve in her body must have been firing on maximum. Suddenly she started

gasping for air. She just held Roger's cock in her hand while her breaths came in high-pitched wheezes.

She was racing to the top and I knew just how to propel her there. I leaned over and grabbed her tits, rolling her nipples between my fingers, while I rammed my cock into her like a superheated piston. It wasn't long before her entire body shuddered as an orgasm rippled through her.

As hers subsided, mine approached. Helen quickly returned to her work on Roger's waiting tool, her body still quaking. Now I was the one approaching the pinnacle and Helen knew just what to do. She rotated her ass around my cock and her cunt muscles grabbed at it as I stroked into her. Then she ground her hips into mine. That did it.

I leaned over her and let loose. My cock twitched uncontrollably, pumping a hot load into her pulsating cunt. My eyes were closed tightly and I was growling like a lion in heat, but I still heard the sound of her slurping on Roger's cock and his moaning the whole time.

As my spent cock eventually softened, I eased out of Helen. I had a fleeting notion of getting up, but I just collapsed, falling beside them on the bed. Helen, however, was just getting started. Her ass was undulating as she continued to attack Roger's cock, lavishing the same hard-loving attention on his that she had done on mine. But now more fucking was on the agenda.

Helen lay back on the bed and with swift, effortless choreography, Roger crawled on top of her. He plunged his sword into her and immediately thrust into her with pounding passion.

They were all wrapped up tightly in each other's arms and there wasn't much for me to do except watch the sexual visual banquet unfold—their gyrating bodies, his animal grunts, her moans and gasps.

After a few minutes of missionary fucking, Roger raised to a kneeling position and slowed the pace. Helen threw her arms over her head, and I took the opportunity to jump back into the game. I stroked her arms, slowly working my way over her shoulders, down the line of her collarbone back to those gorgeous breasts. Helen reached up at me and I leaned over to taste her luscious lips again.

When I came up for air, Helen eased her body up. Without a word Roger fell back, allowing Helen to raise herself and straddle him. Roger's cock slipped out of her for a moment, but she grabbed it and brought it back to her pussy. Their eyes were locked as she lowered herself onto it. When she had taken him all in, she let out a low, guttural moan. She was motionless for a moment, eyes closed, head down, hands resting on Roger's chest. Then she started humping him, slowly, almost like a heartbeat. Roger's hands grabbed her ass, but still they fucked with an exquisite slowness.

This was too hot. Helen's hair hung around her head, swaying back and forth as she fucked him. Their pace steadily increased and soon they were humping in

**“THEY WERE
ALL WRAPPED UP
TIGHTLY IN
EACH OTHER’S ARMS
AND THERE WASN’T
MUCH FOR ME”**



earnest again, their hips slapping together rhythmically.

By now my cock, which had been slumped over like a wet noodle, showed signs of coming back to life.

I was still mesmerized by the view before me, but then I saw Helen looking at the signs of my resurrection. "Come on over here and I'll do something with that for you," she said. I thought Helen would be worn out by now, but I guess when your workout regimen includes running 25 miles a week, the stamina you develop spills over into other areas.

I stood over Roger, facing Helen and bringing my crotch to her face. Helen swallowed me down at once and began sucking me with such ferocity that I grew to full hardness in seconds. She grabbed my ass and pumped my cock with her mouth and lips while she humped Roger's cock. The bedroom was drenched in sexual energy.

Helen came first, her hips quivering, her body shuddering, her screams muffled by the cock she wouldn't release from her mouth. Roger followed a few moments later, growling uncontrollably and thrashing his head from side to side. Then when the pressure built again in my balls, I tried to pull away. But Helen pulled my ass even tighter to her. She held me in her lips as I emptied into her mouth. She swallowed it all and somehow I kept my weakening knees from buckling.

"Whoa, way cool," I heard Roger say. Only after Helen had sucked me dry did I collapse back onto the bed.

Afterward, we lay sprawled on the bed. I lay with my head on the pillows. Helen lay with her head on my chest and her legs draped over those of Roger, who lay on a slant across the bed. Later, during a lull in the conversation, Helen gazed up at me with one of those come-hither looks. I leaned over and kissed her hard on her inviting lips. Her hand found its way to Roger's resting member and stroked it idly. I watched it grow in response.

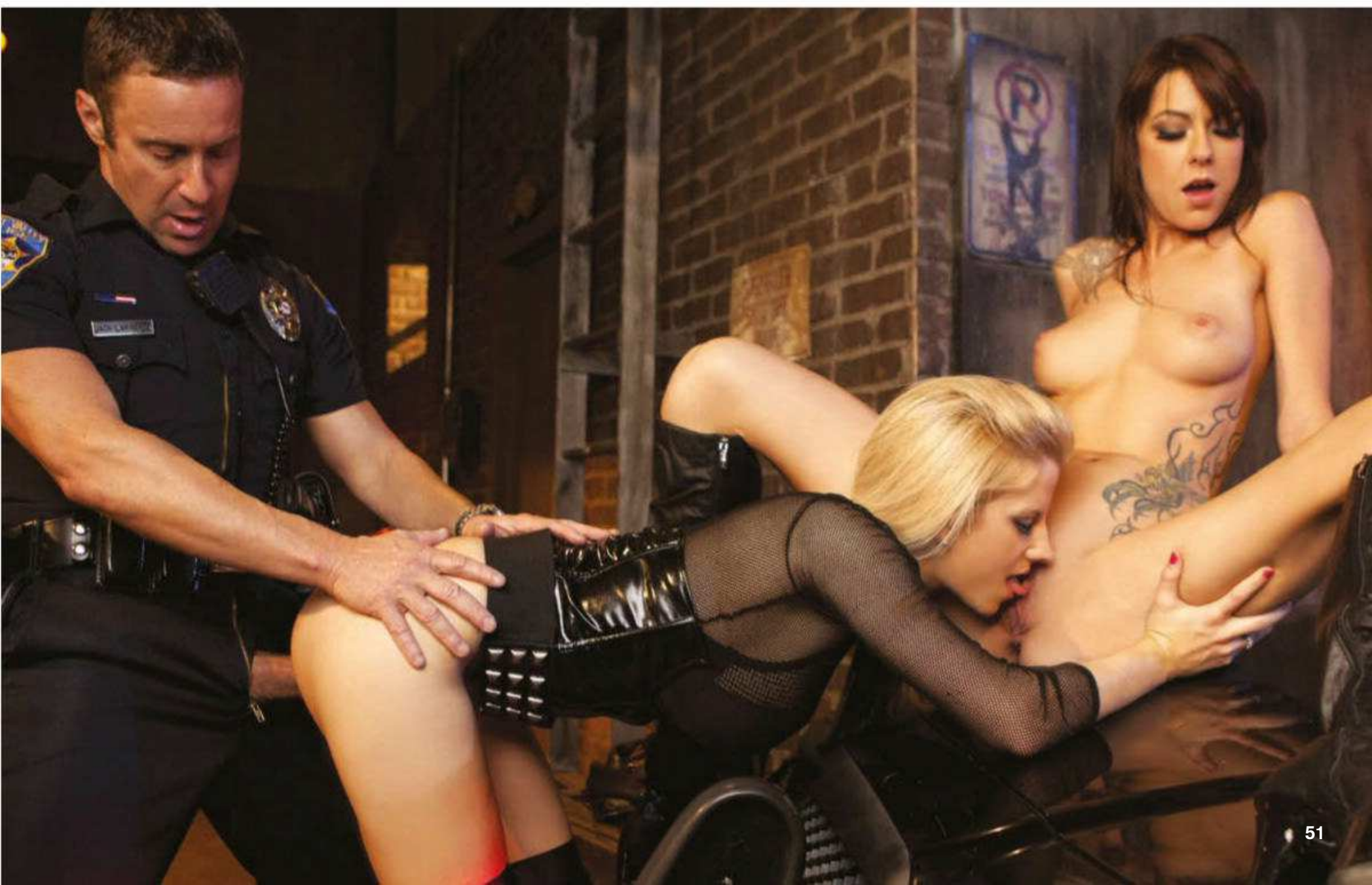
And then we were at it again. 🔑





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“I WANT SOMETHING, I’M GOING TO
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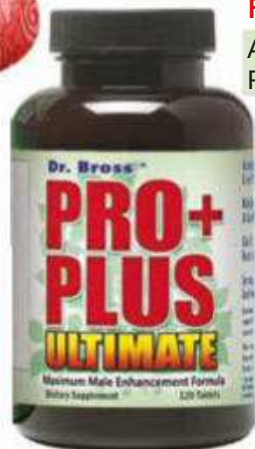


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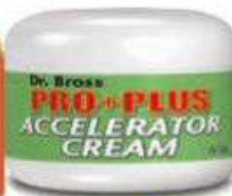
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➤ MY MOST UNFORGETTABLE LAY

THE PERFECT STORM

A hot summer day sets the stage for a life-changing encounter for a passionate young couple.

By Zach Warner

Whether I'm a ladies' man is debatable, but I've been lucky enough to enjoy a robust sex life for the last several years.

I'm no alpha, but I haven't gone wanting. A year ago, after happily playing the field for more than a decade, I began dating my current girlfriend, a pretty young music teacher named Julie. Later this year, we'll move in together.

But my record with women wasn't always so hot. Back in my high school and early college days, I couldn't get anywhere, romantically speaking.

My teenage girlfriend, Clara, was a sweet girl, but we were both inexperienced at 18, and our sexual encounters were clumsy—consisting mostly of 1950s-style “heavy petting.” I would rub myself against her while fully clothed, eventually shooting a sticky wad in my pants. Then I'd sneak back home, evading anyone who might notice my come-soaked trousers. Eventually, Clara progressed to giving me hand jobs, though she never seemed thrilled with the idea of pumping my turgid dick. Plus, she wouldn't let me pleasure her manually. One night she confessed why. She was, contrary to what I'd assumed, not a virgin. She'd had sex with some other guy numerous times. Soon after I learned this, she broke up with me. Pathetic, right?

Then came college. I attended a school in a sleepy, rural part of the Pacific Northwest. To hear my classmates and roommates tell it, everyone on campus was having nonstop sexual adventures, but as I approached my third year I'd had only one very drunken liaison—with a flighty art student who was what you might call a part-time Goth. I lost my virginity to her but I remembered very few details of the experience the following

day.

In my third year, I managed to get the rare chance to travel abroad for a semester the following spring. I decided that in order to graduate according to the timetable I'd set for myself, I would stay on campus through the summer to load up on classes. I already had a part-time job in the school library, and I could work there in the summer also.

My area of study was world literature, and that summer the theater department

**“WHAT AROUSED ME
TO THE HILT WAS THAT
THESE FLOWER-CHILD
GIRLS HAD SUCH
BEAUTIFUL DISPLAYS
OF PUBIC HAIR.”**

was mounting an outdoor production of a Molière play. My roommate Brad, a gay kid, convinced me I should audition. I did and was surprised to be cast in the small but important role of a messenger from the king.

Brad was also in the cast in a more prominent role. He was determined that I have an affair with someone during those steamy summer months. As the student population during summer semester was about a third of what it was normally, I pointed out that the odds of romance happening were even slimmer than usual.

“That's crazy talk, Mikey,” he said. “You're wasting your best years with this chastity thing. You're gonna look back with

nothing but regret.”

When rehearsals began, I learned that a sexy grad student named Jenna Anne was also in the cast. She was to play the impertinent maid who always seemed to call the shots in the family that employed her. Sandy-haired, slim, and petite, Jenna Anne had small yet awesome breasts and the shapely legs of a dancer. She was a notorious flirt; her kittenish face often flashed a sly smile.

The previous semester, she had been a T.A. in a Shakespeare seminar I took, so I knew her a little and had fantasized about her from the start. What I found sexiest about her was that she dressed a bit like a hippie from the late 1960s or early 1970s. She wore retro clothes, accented with beads and peacock feathers, she would weave dandelion and morning glory blossoms into her hair sometimes, and wherever she went, the fragrance of patchouli both preceded and followed her. I would sprout an instant boner whenever I got a whiff of that piercing scent.

Earlier in my youth, I'd had access to a cache of X-rated videotapes from the 1970s. There were a couple of these old grainy movies in which hippie gals and guys would get it on. What aroused me to the hilt was that these flower-child girls had such beautiful displays of pubic hair. Just hearing the words “bush” and “thicket” and “thatch” would stiffen my penis in a flash. I played those movies until the VHS tapes wore out. I often wondered while picturing Jenna Anne and jerking off whether she tended her own tangled garden down below.

In the Shakespeare seminar, she'd told me one afternoon that she'd read my paper on King Lear and thought I was “a smart kid.” She was tight with Dr. M, the middle-aged professor who ran the seminar. Some students gossiped



that they were fucking. Dr. M was an old, divorced hippie himself, but a very exacting teacher. I was happy to be doing well in the course. But it was torture to see Jenna Anne in the classroom, gazing perpetually over at him as he lectured and laughing too eagerly at his witticisms. I found my mind concocting sweet-and-sour fantasies about what they did together in the sack. I imagined him feasting on her vulnerable breasts, his outrageous mustache rubbing against her tender skin. Whenever my mind took me there, I popped a hard-on—which infuriated me. But I was horny and lonely and 20 years old. Sexual harmony and control seemed out of my reach.

Then—oh, shit. One day, during rehearsals for the Molière thing, I actually got to see Jenna Anne's breasts: live, in person, and totally exposed.

Cast members had been told to arrive at rehearsal early that afternoon for a costume fitting. I'd known the elaborate period clothing for the play would be wild. But I was astonished when I saw what had been created for me to wear. As representative for the French king, I was to appear all in white, dripping with fake gold and faux ivory. And I was to wear these platform boots that made me tower over everyone else.

Modesty screens in the rehearsal room

allowed actors to change out of their street clothes and into their costumes. But the whole cast wandered around in their underwear without much embarrassment. I looked over to where Brad was talking with the costume assistant, and there was Jenna Anne. She was trying on an elaborate rose-pink skirt with ribbons and lace, and she was completely topless. Her stunning breasts floated proudly in front of her like cumulus clouds on a bright spring day, and her perky pink nipples perfectly matched the shade of her satin skirt.

The sight of those tits gave me a jolt. I didn't actually gasp, but my eyes must have popped.

Brad noticed.

"Holy shit, Jenna Anne!" he said, pretending to scold her. "Are you flashing those stoplights again? There are straight men in the room, you know."

"Really?" she said, as if the idea of a heterosexual actor were the most absurd yet delightful notion she'd ever entertained. "Who?"

Just then she caught my eye, and I quickly looked away. I sat in a corner and began pulling on my stilt-like boots. When I stood up, I felt seven feet tall—and I practically was. I looked over to where Jenna Anne had been. She was still there, only now she was in full costume, and she sported a towering golden wig.

The costume assistant was helping her, fussing with her sleeves. Jenna Anne looked over at me boldly and just smiled.

"How's the weather up there, Monsieur?" she called over to me. I felt my face flush.

Later, back at the dorm, Brad chewed me out for being a weenie. "That girl wants your body, Mikey. Can't you see that?"

"She flirts with everybody," I said.

"Why are you selling yourself short, dude? Seize the day, already!"

"You really think she's interested?"

Brad shook his head. "Stand tall, Mister Michael," he said. "You can do it without those magic boots, you know."

He headed off to his bedroom and I to mine, where I pulled from my spank bank the fresh vision of Jenna Anne's golden globes and glorious nips. It took me about five yanks of my engorged pecker to shoot a copious stream of sperm.

The play was a success, though I thought it a shame to put in all that work for a mere four performances. Brad was excellent. I was competent. Jenna Anne was impressive. I hadn't spent much time with her during rehearsals. I had only one scene in the play—at the very end—so for most rehearsals I hadn't been needed. But during performances, things were different. When I prepared for my entrance, she was with me in the wings

LETTERS

▾ MY MOST UNFORGETTABLE LAY



every night, whispering in my ear, “Break a leg, Mike.”

Mike? People called me Michael, mostly—though Brad and my other roommates had long called me Mikey. I’d never liked the single-syllable variation. But when Jenna Anne said it—as I stooped down from my elevated height to give her my ear—the name suddenly sounded right. At the final performance of the show, she followed up the usual whispered message by quickly kissing me on the neck. As I headed into the stage light, I felt her hand run down the back of my thigh. Somehow, I managed to remember my first line.

But she wasn’t at the cast party—which disappointed me greatly. Someone said she’d taken off after the show with Dr. M. Fuck that.

A day or so later, she phoned me—something she’d never done before. She said how sorry she was that she hadn’t made it to the cast party. She was currently housesitting at Dr. M’s farmhouse outside of town while he was away at a conference. She was having some people over the following Saturday afternoon. Could I make it? My heart thumped fast. I hastily wrote down directions to Dr. M’s place.

That afternoon the humidity was stifling as I bicycled out to the farm, bringing a bag

**“IMMEDIATELY WE
WERE MAKING
OUT. THE TASTE OF
TEQUILA ON HER
MOUTH WAS ONE
I’LL NEVER FORGET.”**

of tortilla chips, a pocketful of condoms, and all sorts of fantasies. I was running late so I pedaled quickly along the highway and then down a long gravel road.

Jenna Anne looked amazing when she greeted me on the front porch of the old ramshackle house. She wore a yellow cotton dress, dangling turquoise earrings, and—as nearly as I could tell—nothing else. Except for the patchouli, of course. An anxious young Border Collie named Milton sniffed my crotch. Jenna Anne took me through the dark house to the flower-filled yard in the back. I was surprised to discover that there were only two other guests at the party: a late-middle-aged lady named Florence

who lived just down the highway, and her daughter, a quiet young woman whose name I don’t recall. Jenna Anne served a round of margaritas. The four of us made small talk for a half-hour or so.

“Who wants to see the zoo?” Jenna Anne asked. Florence said that she did, so we all walked over to a faded red barn to have a look at a Hereford steer, several rambunctious goats, and a pen full of prehistoric-looking, ostrich-like birds: emus. They glared at me as if I were some barbaric intruder.

When we returned to the garden, Florence and her daughter said that it was going to rain any minute and they had to be going. And yes, the sky was dark with clouds. Jenna Anne saw the two women to their car. When she returned to the yard, I was sprawled in one of the reclining patio chairs.

“Alone at last,” she said.

“How many people did you invite?” I asked in a voice that I know sounded nervous.

She sat on the bench beside the small picnic table. That sly smile of hers burned bright. “A few others said they might come. I doubt they will.”

“I was expecting a crowd,” I told her.

“Yes, well, I like intimate parties.”

I heard Brad’s voice in my head telling me not to be a weenie, urging me to action.

“You look...beautiful,” I said.

“Thanks. Glad you think so.” She got up and walked over to me. “Want a closer look?”

I sat back and made room for her on the chair. Immediately we were making out. The taste of tequila on her mouth was one I’ll never forget. I’ll always associate the flavor with that sweltering afternoon. Of course, I was immediately aroused as I embraced her body, which I knew now was indeed naked beneath the lemon-colored cotton.

The cold drops began hitting us slowly. They felt refreshing at first—cooling us but not dampening our passion. Before long they were really coming down. I detected

a flash, then heard the crack of thunder. Seconds later it was pouring hard, drenching us.

"Inside we go," Jenna Anne said. I scrambled to grab the chips and salsa. She picked up the tequila bottle and took a big swig. The yellow dress was now soaked, and the thin fabric clung to her body, accentuating every curve. We dashed into the dark house, leaving puddles on the hardwood floor. Milton shook himself and water flew everywhere. Then he scampered off to his own domain. We arrived in the kitchen. I put the salsa and soggy chips on the counter.

"Let's get out of these wet things here," said Jenna Anne.

I stripped off my T-shirt and walking shorts, dropping them on the linoleum, but I didn't shuck my partially wet boxer shorts. As Jenna Anne pulled her dress over her head, lightning flashed again, momentarily illuminating her nakedness. In that puff of light I saw that, yes, she had a sweet thicket growing at her crotch. *Brava!* The thunder boomed once more. Jenna Anne padded out of the kitchen saying, "Stay put, lover—I'll be right back." I trembled a bit in the relatively cool room. I grabbed the tequila and took several fast swallows that burned my throat. Looking down, I saw the tent my penis was making of my boxers. I found my jeans on the floor and grabbed the handful of condoms from the pocket.

Jenna Anne returned bearing a towel, and we took turns drying each other's bodies to the sound of the rain pummeling the earth. After toweling my belly and legs, she pulled down my boxers. She swiped at my erection with the somewhat rough towel, then dropped to her knees and took me deep in her wet, warm mouth. I moaned as she began pumping up and down on my circumcised dick. She paused occasionally to kiss the tender underside. After a head-spinning minute of this, she stood up, kissed me hard on the mouth and said, "Come with me."

Seconds later we were in a high-ceilinged, candlelit bedroom with a large



LETTERS

➤ MY MOST UNFORGETTABLE LAY



brass bed. Was this Dr. M's bedroom or the guest room? I wanted to ask but was afraid of the answer, so I kept quiet. Jenna Anne pulled back the coverlet. I tossed the condoms on the mattress—all five of them.

"Somebody's counting on running a marathon, isn't he?" Jenna Anne asked with a giggle. We both crept naked onto the firm mattress. A ceiling fan turned hypnotically above us.

We began making out again, this time with bare skin on bare skin. I turned my attention to the breasts I'd fantasized about touching since first seeing them at the costume fitting. I sucked them and kissed them with greedy happiness.

Jenna Anne grabbed the tequila bottle from the nightstand, and we each had another turn at it. Before putting it back, she gently poured a small stream down her neck and chest. The liquid trickled down her belly and into her pubic hair. I quickly put my face to her crotch and began lapping at her sweet snatch, licking up the drops of liquor that were finding their way there. Her wet pubes rubbed against my face like a soft-bristled brush. I found her clit—a hidden treasure—and began teasing it with the tip of my tongue. This immediately set her off moaning—she

was all but wailing.

A few minutes later, I took a break from my cunnilingual experimentations and sat up to look at her in the candlelight.

"Are you happy?" she asked.

"Very."

"Do you forgive me for missing the cast party?"

I was smiling. "This tops that by far."

"Speaking of topping, why don't you grab one of those condoms? It's about time you fucked me."

She rolled the condom onto my straining erection and then lay back on the bed. Later we would try all the different positions, but we started with Missionary 101. At first, my penis jabbed and grazed at her hairy crotch awkwardly as it tried to find the target. Her hand eventually guided me into her slick, warm hole. After a tentative start, I pushed my rod to the hilt, then began a slow and steady series of thrusts. God, it felt wonderful. And I began to feel relaxed, in control. With Clara, I'd been a fidgety mess. With that Goth girl, I'd been a blotto clown. But with Jenna Anne, it all seemed just as it was supposed to seem. I held her tight as I blasted inside her.

We spent the next several hours fucking

"THE LIQUID TRICKLED DOWN HER BELLY AND INTO HER PUBIC HAIR."

and sucking ourselves silly. I brought her to orgasm once with my mouth and once with my hand. We tried doggy. We tried me on my back with her on top. When morning came, not only had I used all five condoms, but we had broken into her personal stash for a sixth.

At one point, well after midnight, we'd gone to the kitchen and fixed a snack. Milton yelped at first when he saw us together naked, but before long he, too, seemed to agree that my being there was perfectly okay.

But later when Jenna Anne was in the bathroom, I noticed a photo on the bedroom dresser: Dr. M and her embracing. I asked her about it then. Were the two of them a couple?

"It's complicated, Mike," she said. "Let's leave it at that."

I wish I could write that the lovemaking lasted the rest of the summer. But it turned out to be a one-night thing. I left town to visit my family the next weekend, and when I got back, Dr. M had returned, too. Jenna Anne and I ran into each other a couple times after that. But when fall semester started, she was gone. Apparently, she needed to get away from the professor. That's what I heard.

I've wondered about her over the years. I've never had illusions that we could have had an extended love affair, let alone a life together. But I have never had a more passionate time with anyone else, ever. She sort of changed my life. I wonder if she realized that.

—M.K., via email



SHARE THE LOVE

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THE SEQUEL

Sometimes life can seem like a movie. I prefer to remember the good parts that way, anyway. I like the idea that my existence has contained these fun, special, important dramas, like segments of my personal history preserved as a cinematic archive.

I like to replay those films, especially the hotter interludes. Honestly, who hasn't fast-forwarded through the boring dialogue to get to the steamy bedroom scene? I had a fine selection of past boyfriends and lovers to choose from.

There was Andy, my college freshman stud. I could summon the vivid image of his taut, freckly body, his hard cock twitching as he climbed up onto my dorm-room bed, eyes blazing with youthful lust.

I could replay images of Cyrus, tall and muscular, and even invoke the feel of his big strong hands on my body, caressing. I retained the tactile memory of his cock as he sank inch after inch of himself into my

wet, waiting groove.

Or there was August, who could eat my pussy and ass for hours at a time.

Or that nameless dude I fucked in a parking lot at a rock show.

The list went on, each episode containing at least a cherished scene or two, adding up to wonderful vignettes, some longer and more detailed than others. But there was only one man from my past who got a whole movie dedicated to him. One man completely worthy of Acts I, II, and III. That particular film had been cast to perfection.

It starred Willy.

The hottest, best boyfriend I ever had. He was also the longest relationship I'd ever been in. We had broken up because a once-in-a-lifetime job offer was going to take him overseas, and we were smart enough not to try to keep alive something that needed our immediate, intense connectivity.

I didn't regret any of it. Willy played often in my thoughts. My erotic memories of him seemed almost endless. We'd

been irresistibly drawn to each other.

After the first time we slept together, we'd been unable to keep our hands off one another.

I had wanted that firm body of his constantly, needed his tireless cock inside me as often as possible. He couldn't get enough of my lush form, and he lavished sexual attention on me. Month after month after month we fucked like maniacs, our pace never slowing, enthusiasm never waning, imagination never running dry.

So I had a big supply of mental footage to unspool at my leisure. In the time since our breakup I'd spent many solitary interludes with my memories of him. I would lie naked on my bed, the same one where we had romped together, and I would run my hands over myself.

My body, too, recalled his touch, and soon I would respond with soft gasps, with pleasurable purrs. Then as I traced my pussy lips with my fingertips, deeper sounds came from my throat. Heat rose in me, and my nerve endings pulsed with expectant delight.

By the time I was slipping whole fingers inside myself—or working my pussy with a Willy-sized dildo—I would be thrashing about the bed. Excitement screamed in me. All those preserved images sprang to vibrant life and I felt my bygone lover there with me, on top of me, his cock plowing my yearning cleft, touching me at my deepest places.

I would come with an ecstatic yowl, then sit up, blinking around at the empty bed. (Not that my bed was empty all that often. I'd had plenty of lovers since Willy.)

I wondered if he thought of me the same way. I hoped so. At the very least I wanted to be a happy memory in his head, something he could replay when he found occasion to jerk his lovely cock and think of times gone by.

But my imagination started to move out into unknown territory. I didn't guess I would ever get tired of my memories. There were so many of them. But some



instinct in me wanted more. At first I thought it was some pouty, almost childish reflex, like being upset that your birthday only came once a year.

Then I realized it was just that Willy was still, basically, present in my life. I responded to my memories of him so palpably that my brain was trying to fulfill my deepest expectations.

My mind was offering up a fresh fantasy version of Willy, providing new information extrapolating from current data.

In other words, I was making a sequel to my Willy movie.

At first it almost felt...naughty. Like I was doing some kind of disservice to my former lover. It was one thing to savor the great times we'd had. But it might be something else to fantasize about him with a kind of adolescent intensity.

Was I using him?

Frankly, I couldn't help myself. And whom was I hurting, after all? So I let my imagination run free. I conjured up a detailed fantasy wherein Willy and I met again. The more I conceived of it, the sharper it became, until I had a fine finished product.

Here it goes...

At first, I don't believe it. I'm at an airport with a four-hour layover, killing time in the lounge with a glass of iced tea. I look up and see someone enter. A strange yet familiar sensation jolts through me, ahead of any recognition I experience, as if my body knows before my brain does.

As he crosses the lounge, I realize it is him. Stunned, I can't even stand. But suddenly he turns, his eyes go wide, and he freezes, too. Then he comes to my table and I rise, and we throw our arms around each other.

The feel of him sends delightfully hot chills over me. I recognize his scent. His smile is the same, his face a few years older, like mine, but still quite handsome. Eventually we manage to say hello and explain what we're each doing at the airport. His layover is as long as mine.



“HUNGRY KISS. MY TONGUE MEETS HIS FOR THE FIRST TIME IN SO LONG. I TASTE HIM. HIS LIPS GRIND ON MINE.”

An unspoken excitement stirs between us. It's the old fire, flaring high and hot again. I can feel the thrumming desire in him, and it matches my own acute arousal. I want him. He wants me.

We get out of that lounge and go to a motel that's five minutes away. In the room, an untamed energy crackles between us. It's everything we used to feel for each other, but also a new surge of passion, immediate and demanding.

The two of us start out slowly undressing one another, but soon we're overcome and just tear the clothes away. His naked body is gorgeous, his cock throbbingly hard. We dive together onto the bed. His face is filled with the same wonder I feel. It's like fate is giving us this one reprieve. We won't waste it.

He's as muscular as ever. I feel his strength as he pulls me against him. Our mouths collide in a slurping,

hungry kiss. My tongue meets his for the first time in so long. I taste him. His lips grind on mine.

Our bodies are mashed together on the bed. He snakes a hand up between us to seize my breast. I moan into his mouth as his fingers trap my stiffened nipple. I grope a hand around behind him and clutch a handful of his sculpted ass. He's still so tautly shaped.

His cock pulses against my flat belly. I seethe with excitement, my pussy already slick with anticipation. But first I must get a real taste of this lovely man. I squirm out of his arms and move down until his vein-lined shaft stands up before my face.

He lets out a gratifying groan as I swirl his swollen cock head with my tongue. Pre-come stings my mouth. I close my lips over him and start sucking my way down his staff. The vein on his underside is as thick as I remember. His cock head fits into my throat with the same savory precision.

I rock my head up and down, knowing the tempo, feeling all his expected responses. I cup his balls in my hand. He makes a few tentative thrusts. I encourage him to fuck my mouth as deeply as he likes.

But he pulls away and spreads me on my back. Grinning, I squeeze his solid shoulders between my legs as his face moves into place over my waiting pussy. I watch his tongue unfurl and start licking at my moist folds. Pleasure dances over my skin.

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He delves his tongue deeper, where my throbbing clit awaits. He coaxes and teases my already primed bud, plucking sizzling bliss from me. The bliss climbs and climbs. He's lost none of his oral skills.

I come with a shuddering outburst of pleasure. My juices smear his face. But my excitement doesn't ease for a second. When he rears up from between my outspread thighs, I grab his shoulders and pull his strong body up fully onto mine.

He poises over me, and suddenly our eyes lock. I see all the tenderness there, every bit of the old affection. He has remembered me with all the intensity, sentiment, and passion with which I've preserved him in my mind all this time. It's a moment of sweet grandeur, and I know I've been right to recollect him so lovingly.

But that moment unfreezes, and when he plunges his big hard cock in me, I buck on the bed like an animal. My hips lift and I take him deep, all the way to the core of my being. Pleasure explodes in my head, my body, my soul.

Willy strokes into me, his movements smooth, fluid. I still have my hands on his shoulders, fingers digging into the solid flesh, holding on as his cock impales me over and over. I go tumbling along toward final ecstasy, hanging onto my lover.

He fucks me harder. I meet his skillful

**“HE POISES OVER ME,
AND SUDDENLY OUR
EYES LOCK. I SEE ALL
THE TENDERNESS
THERE, EVERY BIT OF
THE OLD AFFECTION.”**

thrusts. Our speed increases, our bodies raging. I can feel his mounting pleasure, the ultimate crisis rising for him. I want him to reach it, want to cross the threshold with him.

He's pounding me now, every impact a new wrench of joy. Above me, his face twists. He lets out a cry, which I join. His come floods me as I convulse with a heart-shattering climax. We ride our mutual climaxes together, as one.

And after that sequel had played in my head, I lay alone on my bed and blew Willy a kiss.

—T.N., Cheyenne, Wyoming

● TWO TONGUES

Everyone always assumes that once you get married the sex becomes routine or somehow unsatisfactory, and as you lay there in silence on your phones in bed (big mistake), all you end up with are fantasies and frustrations—dreams that never do “come true,” so to speak. I admit that up until this past summer, I was guilty of this kind of negative thinking—and playing on the damn phone in bed. And I also thought, like an idiot, that I already knew all of my wife's secrets—I thought that after almost 20 years together, we had no more stories to share. But this June, let's just say I stumbled upon the sexual equivalent of an unread novel—and yes, it is a true story.

Carmen and I are in our late 40s, and thanks to both genetics and the healthy eating she imposes on me, I still have all my hair and I'm no Homer Simpson. We both love running, too. My wife is about five-foot-five, gorgeous legs, C-cup boobs, brunette—total MILF. And the best part is, the kids are gone these days, so I get my MILF all to myself. In the last year, we've been dating again, which has been great for many reasons—but especially, yes, the sex. And in defense of us married people who have “routine sex,” I find nothing disappointing about our regularly scheduled Friday fuck.

One Friday night after Carmen finished me off with her mouth, I was just about to drift off to sleep when Carmen nudged me. “Honey?”

“Hmm?”

“I'm curious about something.”

“What's that?” I half opened my eyes.

“Well, you know, it's our anniversary soon, and I was wondering...do you have any fantasies that maybe we should look into?”

With my eyes still closed, I smirked, “Hmm...two tongues on my dick.” I opened my eyes all the way and laughed.

"I'm kidding—I mean, you know you're plenty for me."

Carmen laughed and poked me in the rib. "I'm trying to ask a serious question."

"I mean, I can't think of anything off the top of my head. I'm pretty happy." I stretched out and pulled her closer. "What about you?"

Carmen licked her lower lip and looked me straight in the eye. "Well, I think I'd like to play with another girl." She paused: "Again."

It was the equivalent of two hits with a stun gun—my wife sharing a lesbian fantasy—my wife telling me she's already done it with another woman. You bet I was wide awake now!

"Wait—again?" I couldn't help smiling. "Honey...rewind for me. When did you—?"

Carmen giggled. "The year before I met you. I was going through some wild sexual experimentation after my first husband and I divorced. And I met this girl...it was just a fling—a couple of times."

"Tell me more, tell me more." I pulled her on top of me and we kissed.

Carmen's still-wet pussy glided over my dick, which was beginning to stand up again. She whispered in my ear: "Her name was Lydia, she had this natural ginger hair."

"I do enjoy redheads..."

Carmen wiggled her hips and began to ease me inside of her. "Well, she and I had some serious chemistry."

I groaned. "I can imagine. What did you do?"

Carmen began to ride me slowly. "All kinds of things. But I loved eating her—she tasted so sweet."

"If you're half as good at eating pussy as you are with my dick, mmm, I'm jealous." I reached around and squeezed her ass, feeling my cock impale her once more.

From there, my wife and I had another good fuck and passed out. Sure, I spent the next few weeks prying more details out of my wife and then picturing her

with every redhead that I passed on the street going to work, but I never seriously considered doing anything, you know? It was hot to know about my wife's lesbian fling in the past, but in the present, I wrote it off as nostalgic fantasy, or a wild dream that would never actually materialize.

For our anniversary, I made dinner reservations as usual and surprised her with a nice diamond bracelet. Meanwhile, my wife had a whole other surprise prepared when we got home from dinner—and being the amazing woman she is, she brought both of our wildest dreams to life—at the same time! What a lady...

After our nice dinner, we were pulling up to the house when I see a car in the driveway that I don't recognize parked beside my old Jeep. The living-room lights were also on.

"What the hell—honey? You weren't expecting either of the kids home this weekend, were you? Should we call the cops?"

Carmen laughed. "No need for that. This is just a little surprise I cooked up... for dessert."

I killed the engine. "Well, I'm glad I saved room, then."

We both laughed and my wife motioned me to go on in ahead of her; and when I took in the view, I just about choked on my own breath.

Seated in our living room, glass of wine in hand, was this gorgeous redhead—she looked somewhere maybe in her late 20s or early 30s. She had long, straight, honey-ginger hair that came to the middle of her back and these arresting, light-blue eyes that stood out even more on account of her bangs. I should probably add that she only had on this sheer mesh black body stocking—so while she was sitting there on my sofa drinking wine, not much was left to the imagination.

Carmen laughed. "Honey, this is Ivy. You can close your mouth for now."

Ivy laughed and stood up. "It's nice to meet you, Scott. Carmen has told me



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lots about you.”

I felt like my eyes were popping out of their sockets as I took in the view of Ivy’s shapely tits and the barest hint of her bush. “Hi—hello.”

The girls looked each other and giggled at me.

Ivy stepped closer to Carmen and began playing with hair. “Now, when your wife hired me, I heard you liked brunettes...but also redheads. Is that true, Scott?”

I nodded. “My wife likes them, too.”

Ivy smiled. “Yes, I know. We’ve been talking about all kinds of things.” And with that, she and my wife smiled at each other and kissed. In that moment, I felt the air rush out of my lungs, followed by the warmth of blood rushing to my cock.

Carmen beamed at me. “Well, honey? What do you think of my anniversary surprise?”

“It’s uh...it’s astounding...”

Ivy grinned. “I’m glad to hear that. Now, Scott, you don’t mind if I play a little with your wife first, and then we get

to work on you?”

“That sounds fine to me. I just wanna know one thing.”

“Hmm?”

“Are you a natural redhead?”

“I thought you’d never ask.” In one swift motion, she split open the front of her flimsy sheer body stocking, revealing the sumptuous flesh of her tits—and also an authentic little triangle of ginger pussy hair. “See? No bottle job anywhere.”

“Wow! Okay, I rest my case.”

“IVY SAT BACK ON THE COUCH NEXT TO ME AND OPENED HER LEGS. SHE REACHED OVER AND STROKED MY THIGH.”

Ivy laughed as Carmen helped her discard the rest of her outfit so she was nude now except for the thigh-highs. “Your wife is awfully overdressed.”

“You ladies should definitely see to that.”

“We will, just you sit tight.” Ivy winked at me and kissed Carmen again.

Everything suddenly seemed to move in slow motion as I watched Ivy undress my wife and kiss her way down her body. Two MILFs in one night? If I was dreaming, I did not want to wake up!

Carmen moaned softly and cupped Ivy’s breasts: “You don’t mind if I want to explore that little ginger patch first?”

“Not at all. It’s your night to celebrate.” Ivy sat back on the couch next to me and opened her legs. She reached over and stroked my thigh. “Watch your wife, Scott. See how she loves pussy.”

From my perfect vantage point, I watched as Carmen made a beeline for Ivy’s clit with her tongue. Next to me, Ivy moaned—and put her hand on my straining erection.

“Oh my God.” I unzipped my pants.

“Mmm, yeah, take out that cock,” Ivy moaned. “I heard all about how big you are.” She proceeded to torment me with slow, leisurely strokes to my dick while my wife fingered and licked Ivy’s pussy.

I groaned and looked down at my wife: “Are you gonna make her come before she makes me come?”

Carmen pulled her fingers from Ivy’s pussy and offered them to me. “Maybe I will. She tastes so sweet.”

Ivy grinned. “You know, Carmen, as much as I love your tongue, I think we should make sure we get to Scott’s present soon.”

Carmen giggled. “You’re right.”

“What are you two plotting?”

Carmen and Ivy stood up and kissed more.

“Come on and see, honey—and finish taking off those pants.” Carmen motioned for me to follow them into the bedroom.



Once I stripped down, they made me lie down in the middle of the bed. With my wife to my left and Ivy on the right, they commenced the most incredible tongue bath on my dick. I wanted to pinch myself to make sure this was really happening—"this" being my longest held sexual dream.

Two tongues on my dick: one tracing its way up one side as the other trailed down the other. Two pairs of lips worshiping my dick: One kissed my shaft, while the other sucked on my balls. And if that wasn't enough, Carmen and Ivy also took turns deep-throating me. Every time I looked up or opened my eyes, it seemed my dick had switched mouths, making the reality of my double blowjob fantasy even more overwhelming.

Later on, I got to divide my come between both of their open mouths. But before then, I wanted to make the most of having two wet, willing pussies for my dick, too.

With my wife's blessing, I fucked Ivy from behind for a bit while Ivy finger-fucked and tongued Carmen until she squirted. And then, Ivy and I shared Carmen's sweet girl juice and almost made her come again, but she was begging me to fuck her—and who could say no to such a request from your wife—especially if it's your anniversary?

I pressed Carmen's knees to her chest and slid inside my deliciously wet wife while Ivy sat on her face. And like I said before, in the end, I had two wet open mouths competing for droplets of my come. I've always loved watching my wife swallow me, but watching my wife and another woman kiss and swap my cream between their mouths was unreal.

My wife's dream of trying pussy again and my "two tongues" fantasy made for an anniversary that neither of us will soon be forgetting. Now I just have to come up with a way to top it next year.

—F.S., Corpus Christi, Texas



LESSON PLAN

Young, hot, and a hard ass—a dangerous combination. Our company's youngest architect had a habit of removing his tie and popping open the top few buttons of his shirt during strategy sessions. Next came the sleeves, rolled all the way up his forearm, revealing thick muscle covered with a dusting of honey-blond hair.

And it's not just Gavin's appearance that's distracting, it's his behavior. His energy and enthusiasm are contagious, but he doesn't take kindly to team members who don't contribute. That's when his eyes grow a little darker, his jaw a little tighter.

The first time I saw Gavin smack a ruler against the table to get a person's attention, a pulse in my pussy caused my thighs to clench. As I shifted in my seat trying to maintain my composure, I could feel the slickness of my arousal seep into my panties. Soon no matter how I sat I could feel the wetness soaking through the cotton until it stuck to my pantyhose.

After that afternoon, Gavin's efforts to get team members' attention always had the opposite effect on me. Seriously, I'd become like one of Pavlov's dogs. Just the sight of his fingers curled around that wooden ruler sent me drifting off into dreamland...

Slipping into my fantasy, I allow the crack of the ruler meant for my coworker Craig to roll over me.

Crack!

Now it wasn't Craig who was the

object of Gavin's ire, but me. In fact, Craig wasn't in the conference room at all. The only two people at that table were Gavin and myself.

A sly smile spread over my boss' face. I realize there was never a meeting planned for today—at least not for the full staff. It was all a part of Gavin's plan to get me behind closed doors. Alone.

That thought should have made me nervous, but instead it excited me. Standing became difficult as my muscles suddenly turned to jelly. I could hear my heart pounding in my ears.

Trying to remain upright, I clenched my thighs together, only to feel that telltale dampness seep from my center down between my legs. The slickness made it impossible to create any traction. Instead, every time my thighs came together the skin slipped and slid, making it even harder to stand still.

Focusing all of my energy on standing must have given me a vacant look, making Gavin think I wasn't paying attention. Suddenly, he wasn't in the big leather chair at the head of the table; he was beside me.

Thick, strong fingers curved around my waist. Grateful for the assistance standing, I allowed my body to sag into Gavin's.

But I didn't get to stay resting long.

The sharp edge of the ruler brushed across the base of my back. Very lightly, Gavin used it to trace a path up my spine.

A shiver shook my body. Realizing I wouldn't make it far on my own two legs, Gavin lifted me and placed me in front of the conference table. After positioning

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both of my hands on the top to brace my weight, Gavin stepped behind me. His palm warmed the base of my back before journeying up to the cove between my shoulder blades.

Using the flat of his palm, Gavin guided my body down onto the table. I turned my head to the side, settling myself on the glass table top. Though I had my shirt on, the thin fabric did little to protect my skin from the icy surface. Chilled, I could feel my nipples harden beneath my flimsy lace bra. Deciding to simply give myself over to the sensations assaulting my body, I closed my eyes and relaxed.

Crack!

Gavin smacked the ruler on the table top. "Don't get too comfortable."

Dipping between my legs, Gavin's fingers tickled at the divot behind my knees that was exposed just beneath my skirt. He skimmed his hands up my inner thighs, bringing the tips of his fingers tantalizingly close to the edge of my underwear.

Then just as suddenly, Gavin's hands swooped back down my legs. He

stopped at the hem of my skirt, bunching the material between his fingers before rolling it up my legs and over my ass. Since I hadn't worn pantyhose that day, all that stood between Gavin and my very wet pussy was a thin scrap of cotton.

Suddenly the warm touch of Gavin's fingers was replaced by something colder. Harder.

Gavin slipped edge of the ruler beneath the waistband of my panties and pulled the material out to the side. Though the ruler was primarily made of wood, it was edged with a cold, hard line of metal. That bit of metal turned out to be the perfect tool to free me from my underwear. After a couple of quick chops on either side, I felt the shredded cotton panties flutter to my feet.

Gavin bent over me, covering my body with his own. His lips brushed the sensitive outer shell of my ear as he whispered, "Next time, it's coming down on your ass."

I tried to nod to let Gavin know that I understood, but I was hampered by my impossible position on the table.

Frustrated, I swallowed hard, trying to fight past the thickness of my tongue so I could speak. Finally a word tumbled off of my tongue, "Please!"

Feeling pretty proud of myself for finding my voice, I relaxed again and waited for Gavin to make his mark on my ass.

But Gavin wasn't satisfied with my simple plea. He hovered over me again, and this time he didn't whisper. "What? Tell me what you want?"

Swallowing again, I managed to loosen my tongue enough to spit out three words. "Please spank me!"

Happier with this response, Gavin eased off of my body. Stepping to my side, he palmed my ass cheek. After a light squeeze, Gavin circled his large, hot hand over me, warming my skin.

Once all of my nerves were nice and stimulated, Gavin pulled his palm away. Whimpering, I lifted my ass in search of his hand, but what I found was the length of Gavin's ruler. This time when the ruler landed it didn't fill the room with the harsh crack of wood on wood. Instead I heard a light thwack as the ruler flicked my ass cheek.

I gasped when the ruler made contact with my skin. Tugging my lower lip between my teeth, I reveled in the pleasant sting that seared my skin.

My boss, however, was not quite so pleased. "I didn't say to move."

Chastened, I lowered my hips back onto the table.

This time Gavin's voice was softer when he spoke. "Good. It's nice to see you can be obedient when you try."

The praise was an aphrodisiac and my pussy responded in kind. Another rush of wetness seeped from my entrance, slicking my swollen lips. I'd grown desperate for Gavin's touch.

Finally, my wish was granted. Though I couldn't see Gavin, I felt him. The soft cotton of his expensive suit pants brushed against the bare backs of my legs as he positioned himself behind me.

Bending until his face was level with



my ass, Gavin drew the rough pads of his thumbs over the folds of my sex as he parted them. His quiet murmur of appreciation felt like a caress. "I love that my spankings make you wet."

The tip of Gavin's thumb teased at my entrance, circling the sensitive rim so that I grew desperate to ram myself against his hand. But as much as I enjoyed Gavin's spankings, I knew better than to disregard his directions a second time. Flexing my fingers was the only source of relief I could manage. I twisted and scraped my fingers against the glass top, scrambling for purchase like you would on a bedsheet.

Just when I thought I'd cry in frustration, the tip of Gavin's thumb was replaced with the crown of his cock. Breathing a deep sigh of relief made my muscles relax immediately. My body was ready and eager to welcome Gavin.

After making a few teasing circles around the edges of my entrance, Gavin slipped inside me one groan-inducing inch at a time. Try as I might to keep my hips level on the table, I couldn't help but slide a little lower as his girth forced my legs to open wider. I swear the man must be as thick as he is long.

When my ass began to drop, Gavin pulled me up by my hips. Strong, thick fingers curled into my side, gripping the extra bit of padding there.

Aching to rock my hips and increase our pace, I let out a groan that echoed off the conference-room walls.

Gavin tightened his grip and lifted my hips off the table, pulling me flush against him. He drove into me with such a force that my heels came right off the floor! My ass smacked against his front, lifting my body off the table with every thrust.

Then Gavin discovered the spot inside that made me scream on impact, and I really lost my mind. From that moment forward, Gavin made certain to tap that spot every time he delved into my depths.

Screaming, I gripped the edge of the table, trying to gain a little leverage



"GAVIN TIGHTENED HIS GRIP AND LIFTED MY HIPS OFF THE TABLE, PULLING ME FLUSH AGAINST HIM."

as Gavin continued to piston into me. Everything grew tight, making it difficult to breathe as all the blood seemed to head south in my body.

My walls rippled and twitched over Gavin's dick, milking him so that his groans and grunts began to drown out my screams. His fingers dug hard into my hips as he ground closer to completion.

Barely holding my balance as it was, a particularly hard spasm rocked my core, making me pitch forward.

Gavin didn't miss a beat. He simply gripped me harder, grunting as he lifted me against him to thrust even harder.

That's when I saw stars. Every taut

muscle seemed to go limp at the same time, all dragged down by the waves of pleasure that left me shaking in Gavin's arms.

Crack!

My eyes fluttered open, forcing me back into reality.

Gavin stood to my side. He looked at me expectantly. "If you can't pay attention during staff meetings, maybe you'll be able to focus in my office."

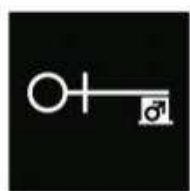
Not trusting myself to speak, I pursed my lips and nodded.

Gavin put his hand on my shoulder. "We'll talk after the meeting."

I held my breath, wishing I could shake my head and erase all the dirty images of my boss from my brain. It wouldn't be easy to keep my cool in close proximity to Gavin, but the potential to collect fodder for future fantasies made it all worthwhile.

—G.W., Bedford, New York

What's your most treasured fantasy? What kind of dirty dreams keep you up at night—or distracted during the day? Send your story to: *Penthouse Letters*, Department DD, 8944 Mason Avenue, Chatsworth, CA, 91311, or email it to: letters@penthouse.com.



MAIDEN VOYAGES

THE HOOKUP

I'd gotten romantically sandbagged—again!—and I was feeling like no matter how hard I tried, I could never sustain a relationship with a woman.

I took my troubles to Andrew, my best friend. He listened as I told him about my recent calamity. I had been seeing Susan for two months, and we'd been tight. Then, suddenly it seemed, things went sour. She started backing away from me. I knew better than to beg her to stay but she'd left a real absence in my life.

Andrew nodded along as I complained about Susan. When I was done, he fished two beers out of the mini-fridge near his couch and dropped one into my hand.

I thought he was going to give me a there's-plenty-of-fish-in-the-sea speech, but instead he said to me point-blank, "You try too hard to be in love, Trev." He chuckled. "What you need to do is go hook up once with some woman you don't know."

I popped the beer and slumped back on Andrew's couch. He was talking about the mythical Nameless Hookup. I was a virile 25-year-old with an extensive sexual history, but I had never done what he'd just described. Maybe it wasn't in my nature. I always wanted to at least like the women I had sex with. That meant I had to know them, at least more than in passing.

"You should just give yourself an emotional break is all I am saying," he continued. "Have some sex that has no romance attached to it. It'll be like a reset."

I thought about it. I was awfully sick of heartbreak. And maybe I did try to make what should have been casual, fun relationships into something too heavy.

But I didn't know how to go about the anonymous-sex-encounter thing. Should I hit a bar, answer some Internet



ad? I felt lost.

Yet even so, the idea was starting to take hold. Andrew was my best friend for a good reason. He always told it to me straight. Maybe a simple no-strings fuck would cure me of my love nausea.

I thought about it a few days, mentally reviewing my past relationships and seeing a pattern. When I went back to see Andrew, he looked like he'd been waiting for me. Before I even spoke, he said, "There's this club downtown in an old industrial building. It's a crazy scene, just what you need."

He grinned as he handed me an old-fashioned business card with the address and hours on it.

A few nights later I was still working up my courage but decided to go there anyway. The notion had been seething in my brain awhile now, taking on an erotic energy that felt freer and more primal than my serial impulses toward romance. All the women I'd known before I had gotten to know gradually, learning their bodies a stage at a time, infusing every physical sensation with emotional overtones.

Why couldn't I just have enjoyed the squeezability of tits, the hot taste of pussy on my tongue? Why couldn't I just have fucked a woman for the sake of fucking her and the mutual pleasure

we would enjoy?

That night, feeling strangely liberated and decidedly horny, I went downtown. The entrance fee was steep, but I paid it. Andrew had hinted that he'd never been disappointed when he came here.

The building's industrial origins were easy to spot. There were rusting metal frameworks, concrete walls, and old pebbled skylights that made the moon a pale smear. Heavy dance music thundered through the place. The lighting was dim, except where random colored strobes sprung up. It looked like the setting for a rave.

There were multiple levels, with a big open space at the center. I could see down to the ground level, where a big haphazard group was dancing to the hard bass sounds. Other people were skulking up and down the stairs, in and out of alcoves that appeared to line the ringing balconies.

I went down to the main floor. The music was so loud I realized I would never be able to engage anyone in conversation. But when I reached the group, I jumped right into the mass dance. Bodies gyrated all around. Sweat streamed from grinning faces. I let the excitement of the music carry me. There was a raw happiness to all this.

There were no partners in this

**“HER TITS
PUSHED OUT
AGAINST HER
T-SHIRT,
NIPPLES POKING
THE COTTON.”**



amorphous dance cluster. Everyone just spun and whirled. But I noticed some people pairing off and slipping away.

Suddenly a woman was directly in front of me. Her hair was damp with sweat. Her tits pushed out against her T-shirt, nipples poking the cotton. Her short skirt twirled as she moved frenetically in laced-up boots. She was staring straight into my eyes.

I slid up against her, fitting my undulating body to hers. She grinned eagerly. I felt her wiry firmness. Automatically I opened my mouth to introduce myself, but the crashing music made it pointless.

Apparently I didn't need to speak. She grabbed my hand and towed me out of the crowd. She led me up a set of steps. I gazed up at her strong, lean thighs, excitement rising in me.

She turned at the top and took me into one of the alcoves. There was no light inside, but a strobe spun kaleidoscopic hues over the thick mats that covered every inch of the small floor space.

I entered with the woman. She yanked me into her arms and mashed her mouth on mine. She had no name, no identity at all for me. I met her fierce tongue. Her moist body pressed tight to mine. She moved her hips and ground shamelessly on the swelling bulge in my

jeans. I reached down to cup the sweet curves of her ass.

There was no door to the alcove, but other couples would surely pass by when they saw this one occupied. I sensed the whole neat practicality of this club. My heart raced and my cock surged to full wicked hardness.

She tore my sweatshirt off, and I drew her T-shirt off over her head. Her tits were high and tight. Before I could reach for her skirt, she unzipped and flung it aside. She stood before me in just her boots, her body gorgeous and vibrant.

She performed something close to a martial arts move, and suddenly I was on the mat-covered floor, with her yanking my jeans off. She seized my cock before I could even leverage myself off my back. With no more warning than another ferocious grin, she dropped her mouth onto my throbbing cock head.

I cried out, but the sound was instantly lost. I gazed, stunned, while she swallowed my veiny inches. As her head dropped, her lovely ass stayed pointed into the air. With her cheeks hollowed and her tongue wriggling invisibly on my shaft, she sucked me right down to my simmering balls.

It was almost too intense. Not only did this woman have a very talented mouth,

but this whole setup was insane, like something out of an overwrought sex fantasy. I hadn't been in this club ten minutes but already I had my cock in a strange woman's avid mouth.

As I lay back she bobbed her head furiously, never breaking the seal of her lips. Light splashed her beautiful body. The music pounded in my bones. I saw that as she was sucking me, she was also fingering herself.

Figuring she deserved some oral attention of her own, I somehow found the willpower to pull my cock away. There was no awkwardness in the maneuvering as I encouraged her onto her back. She opened her creamy thighs, then crushed her knees around my shoulders as I set my face above her streaming pussy.

Her luscious aroma only further aroused me. Pleasure crackled over my flesh. I put my tongue inside her. Her hips shifted. Her fine ass quivered. The rough leather of her boots dug into my sides as I slipped deeper and deeper, questing with the tip of my tongue.

She tasted like nectar. Her clit pulsed. She bucked against my face. I ate her harder, slurping, smearing her juices on my face. I looked up and saw her head rock back, mouth open, and realized she was probably shrieking at the top of

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her lungs. I heard nothing, but I felt the powerful pussyquake Richter through her.

Her juice flooded my mouth. I drank it down, savoring it, feeling the sweet warmth all the way down my throat. Before I could shift again, she sat up, grabbed my jaw in her strong fingers and proceeded to lick the excess fluid off my face. She even sucked on my tongue for a few seconds, evidently liking her taste as much as I did.

The woman was so fucking hot it was unbelievable. And I had no idea whatsoever who she was. She was an utter enigma. I didn't know her likes and dislikes, nothing about her personal history. I had no clue if we would be romantically compatible.

None of that mattered, not here and now. In this place we were just two mutually attracted wild animals. And right now I wanted to sink my cock in her pussy and fuck her like crazy. Luckily it appeared she wanted that too.

She intended to ride me. I lay back again and she scrambled up onto me, wasting no time. She set my cock head to her pussy and slotted me right up into

her. She poised above me, limbs taut and limber. Her hips rose and fell. Her squelching pussy squeezed my cock as she slammed down on me again and again. I thrust upward in perfect precision.

Me and this woman were connecting, but in a frantic, utterly nonverbal way. This was pure sex, with no heartsick romance attached to it.

She rode me hard. I was three-quarters to my own come when her back arched and she flailed through her second climax. Her body was like a bowstring.

Without pulling out of her, I rolled her onto her back and set about hammering her pussy. She was a slick, sleek beauty beneath me. Her lithe legs wrapped my waist. Her eyes blazed up into mine. Again she grinned.

Joyously I fucked her. My body swam with demented pleasure. Finally, my balls tightened and I let my come jet into her. She bucked with a bonus round of bliss, pulling me down for another kiss.

It was one of the best "relationships" I'd ever had.

—T.H., Portland, Maine

PUBLIC DEBUT

Before I met Lenny, I had never had sex in public (or found anyone who was willing to give it a try.) A lot of guys out there talk a big game, but when it comes to standing there with their pants down inside a coat check or pounding me within eyeshot of morning joggers in the park, forget it—they wimp out, and I'm left wanting.

As for me? You could say I'm a former "closeted exhibitionist" who has since "graduated." In college, I was that girl who would pretend to be "just drunk enough" and start flashing at parties. There's just something about the unexpected or "taboo" exposure of my body—or the bodies of others—that makes me horny to no end.

These days, I no longer bother to hide what I like—or anything else about myself, for that matter, so long as I won't get arrested. For instance: I love to walk on my balcony nude in the mornings, watering my plants. I love sunning nude. And last year, when I rented a flat in Dublin—I was there for work in the summer—I had a place with a huge floor-to-ceiling kitchen window that faced directly in front of my neighbors' kitchen window. Theirs was a flat of all male roommates; they were medical residents. You could see everything through those windows—amazing light, but not much privacy at all—absolutely perfect for me. I would cook nude or just casually waltz in for a cup of tea in the middle of the night. I got off on the looks my neighbors gave me when we saw each other in the elevator or on the street in public. None of them had the balls to say anything, which was mildly disappointing, but of course I played dumb, too—even though I knew they were picturing my perky tits and full bush, hoping for another peek that night.

When I returned to the States after the New Year, I dated around for a bit,



but the guys I met showed no inclination toward wanting to indulge when I dropped hints about my exhibitionist nature or public sex fantasies. Fast-forward to spring, and I decided to celebrate the first warm day in the city by wearing a cute, tight little sheath dress—with no panties—but who else besides me would ever know?

I went to brunch with some girlfriends in the city and then stopped inside this little Italian grocery store to pick up some things for dinner. And there was a cute guy tending the coffee bar by himself—dark eyes and dark hair with a rugged five o'clock shadow on his face. He barely glanced at me when I walked by—but then, I accidentally, and it was a legit accident, stumbled and dropped my basket.

The lemons I had selected started to roll across the floor, so I squatted down to retrieve them without even thinking about how my dress would ride up and how exposed I would be. I put the lemons back in the basket, stood up, and immediately locked eyes with the guy behind the coffee counter.

He looked awestruck and gave me a nervous smile. “Are you okay, miss?”

And that’s when it dawned on me that he’d gotten a full frontal view of my bush and pussy lips mere seconds ago. What’s an exhibitionist girl to do but smile back?

A few moments later, he asked for my number, and I met him hours later for a drink once the shop closed. Like a gentleman, he refrained from mentioning the “preview” of my pussy, and we started doing the usual dating. In time, though, much to my delight, he began encouraging my habit of going panty-free—and he would do little things like stroke my thigh in the car or make out at the restaurant with people watching. I wanted more, but I still was not quite sure how to ask for it, and I was scared he would think I was some freak he could never introduce to his mom. But



“I GASPED WHEN HIS FINGER STRUCK MY CLIT AND OPENED MY LEGS AS WIDE AS POSSIBLE.”

it turns out we were on the same page after all.

One night this summer, when the “low” was still hovering around 87 degrees in the city, Lenny suggested we catch a late movie with the understanding that he would let me eat all the M&M’s and that we could bask in the frigid AC even if nothing good was playing. To this day, I can’t remember what we saw—I think it was some classic action movie with lots of gunfire and yelling, which turned out to be optimal for our purposes.

I was snuggled against Lenny and had this gossamer wrap to go with my dress that conveniently doubled as a “blanket” in the air conditioning. We were at one of the older single-screen theaters, and only about six other people were in attendance, so everyone was pretty well spread out. Lenny and I always sit in the back row anyway because I get migraines when I’m too close to the screen. Anyway, I could feel myself zoning out, ready to fall asleep to the inane car chase sequence, but then I felt

Lenny’s hand creep up my thigh.

“What are you up to?” I turned my head and gave him a kiss.

Lenny grinned and whispered in my ear: “Rachel, did you wear panties underneath that cute skirt?”

“No, I did not,” I giggled.

“Good.” Lenny kissed my neck. His hand immediately darted up my skirt and began to run his hand through my silky bush before probing lower.

I gasped when his finger struck my clit and opened my legs as wide as possible. I could feel my pussy getting wetter by the second. “Oh my God, Lenny.” I closed my eyes and began grinding my hips into his hand.

“You’re so fucking wet and nasty, baby,” he whispered in my ear. “I love it.”

“Faster—oh—fuck,” I moaned.

It wasn’t long before Lenny sent me spiraling toward orgasm. I gave a high-pitched yelp, but the sounds of car explosions and a music montage on the big screen conveniently drowned out the sounds of passion. And as I climaxed and looked around, it turned me on even more to be putting on a nasty show in the same room with all these oblivious people just staring at the screen.

Lenny offered me his wet fingers to lick, and as I tasted my own arousal, I felt more emboldened than ever. I kissed Lenny and put my hands on his bulging erection. “My turn now.”

Adjacent to our XL-sized bucket of popcorn, I got on my knees and began to gobble down his thick, meaty cock. I love making loud slurping noises when I suck Lenny off, letting the spit drip from his mouth to his dick. And again, drowned out by the movie’s sound, I was being as loud

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as I normally would—if not maybe even a little bit louder.

If anyone had happened to turn around, they would just see Lenny's expressions of pleasure—my bobbing head was far below the back of the seats in front of us as I worked him deeper and deeper into my throat.

I slurped and spat on his shaft and teased the head of his cock again with my hands.

"Oh, damn, baby!" Lenny groaned. "Rachel, you gotta let me fuck you now."

"You don't care about getting caught?" I tongued the head of his dick and held my breath, bracing myself in case he changed his mind.

Lenny caressed the side of my face and lifted my chin. "Get in my lap and ride me, baby."

Hallelujah! I broke into the biggest smile and stood up—maybe "accidentally" letting my skirt ride up a little too high so my bare pussy was exposed to the entire—albeit oblivious—theater.

I wiggled my ass against Lenny's groin, and he pulled me by the hips so

his cock impaled me to the hilt.

"Ooh!" I exclaimed over the drone of gunfire and yelling on the screen.

Several rows in front of us, an older guy slightly turned around, but alas, he was only stretching, so he missed our live show in his blind spot.

I bounced and rocked back and forth on Lenny's cock. I had never felt so wild, and part of me honestly hoped someone would catch us. The risk in itself was a thrill of course, but I felt even hotter

"I HAD NEVER FELT SO WILD, AND PART OF ME HONESTLY HOPED SOMEONE WOULD CATCH US."

picturing all these strangers in the room watching Lenny's fat cock stuffing my pussy. I reached around to rub my clit and that almost sent me over the edge.

But then Lenny, being the amazing, adventurous lover he is, bent me over the seat in front of us, lifted my skirt, and spanked my ass. Obviously from the waist up, we were both fully clothed, but clearly no one watches a movie doggy-style, so if anyone would have turned around—or an usher had walked in—we would have been busted for sure.

I squealed and turned to look at Lenny. "Oh yes! Fuck me more!"

He entered me again, and this time while we fucked, he teased my asshole with his thumb. "You like it back there, too?"

"Oh, God, yes!" I moaned.

I'm not going to lie: I was squealing high notes over this Mafia "shoot-'em-up" scene. Technically I'd never ventured into double penetration before, so here I was killing two firsts in one go. But for my first public sexual encounter, I couldn't have done better.

I rubbed my clit while Lenny continued to fuck me and play with my ass. I could feel both my holes clenching down at once as my body began to shake with orgasm.

"Come for me baby!" Lenny nibbled on my earlobe and neck and threw in another slap on my ass.

"Ahhh! Ahhh, God!" I clasped a hand over my mouth to try to make myself quieter, but that was in vain. As I came, louder than ever, I could feel my ears ringing, too. Panting, I collapsed over the seat in front of me.

Lenny pulled out of my pussy and finished by spraying his load on my ass cheeks. And then, like a gentleman, he fixed my skirt for me while I panted in spent satisfaction—just as the credits were starting to roll.

As the scant crowd started exiting the theater, Lenny and I stood there for a moment, looking at each other.



"That was so hot!" I beamed at him. Lenny's shoulders puffed up. "Encore performance?"

I licked my lips. "You bet."

And from that promising beginning, our exhibitionist adventures continued.

—L.A., Ashville, North Carolina

DOUBLE-TEAMED

When Jim said that he would be meeting his friend for drinks, I thought that I had at least a couple of hours at home to myself. Feeling a little naughty, I lounged on our bed and scrolled through the various porn sites I keep open under the hidden tabs on my phone's browser. After settling on a video of a threesome featuring two men and one multi-orgasmic woman, I eased my pants off my legs and kicked them to the base of the bed.

The scene started with the woman crouching between both men, using both of her hands to jerk them off simultaneously. Intrigued, I settled my hand on my mound, mindlessly stroking at my clit as I watched this woman pump her fists along two thick, long dicks.

I'd never had a threesome before, but the concept certainly appealed to me. Though I'd always thought, if given the choice, that I'd want to invite another woman into our bed, the idea of two men working together to get me off made my cheeks grow hot and my chest tight.

Pausing from my ministrations to bring my finger to my lips, I started licking my digit right as the two guys grew tired of their hand jobs and repositioned their conquest.

When my now-wet finger swept inside my slit, I was surprised to find that a thick coat of arousal had already seeped from my center. As I watched



the woman slide one dick into her mouth while her other partner eased his dick into her pussy, my own mouth began to water. I was struck by the idea that if my mouth were full, my body would fall apart even faster.

Growing frustrated with my own fingers' limited dexterity, I reached over to the bedside table and grabbed my favorite vibrator from the drawer. It's one of those big pink jobs full of pearls—you know, the kind that always has some long-eared animal poised at the base ready to tickle your clit with every thrust.

Using one hand to keep my phone propped on my chest and the other to direct the vibrator, I swirled the tip around my entrance. Spreading my juices made my whole pussy deliciously slick. The vibrator's thick tip slid easily along my folds, awakening every nerve ending in its path. Intent to drive myself to the brink, I waited until my legs shook under the pressure of an impending orgasm before I plunged inside my hole.

I gasped at the sudden feeling of fullness down below. Desperate for

anything that would keep me anchored to earth, I frantically reached for the headboard.

Right as my hips came crashing down on the bed I heard two sets of footsteps and voices in the hallway. Usually I can hear the keys jingling outside our front door, but the combination of my moans and the vibrator drowned out the exterior noise.

Before I could dive beneath the comforter, my husband and his friend Adam appeared in the doorway.

Jim's eyes widened. He definitely wasn't expecting to find me like this. He looked at Adam, who looked back at him.

Meanwhile I stayed frozen. The moans of all three performers blasted from my phone, warring with the buzzing sound of the vibrator that now sat tossed to the side on the bed.

Much to my surprise, instead of leaving the room they both walked toward me. When Adam reached the side of the bed that my phone had landed on, he picked it up and

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inspected the scene that still played on the screen. Smiling, he tossed the phone over the bed to Jim. “Looks like someone shares a fantasy.”

Jim caught the phone easily. He watched the video for a bit. Try as I might to glean some sort of reaction, his face betrayed nothing. My heart began to pound so wildly I honestly forgot that I was naked in front of my husband’s best friend.

Finally, Jim locked the phone. He turned to place it on the bedside table, then he sat on the edge of the bed. Placing his hand on my leg, Jim stroked his fingers over the sensitive skin at the juncture of my thigh. “Is that your fantasy, Mandy? To have two men fill you at once?”

Part of me wanted to pinch myself. What I thought was going to be one of my life’s most embarrassing moments was rapidly turning into one of my hottest memories to date. Taking a cue from the female performer I was so envious of moments before, I eyed both of my potential partners before responding, “It’s one of my fantasies.”

Jim’s hand brushed against my slit as he bent over me on the bed. When his lips were just a breath above mine he asked, “Want to make it real?”

Meeting Jim’s gaze, enthusiasm bubbled to the surface. “Yes,” I said while nodding—as though a positive response wasn’t enough to guarantee the experience.

And maybe in my mind it wasn’t. I mean, never in a million years would I ever have concocted this scene in my head. Not even in my wildest dreams. Considering that the husband I adored and his friend that I’d always secretly been attracted to both seemed ready to jump my bones, I felt like I had a pretty good reason to be enthusiastic.

Fueled by my response, both men stripped off their T-shirts and jeans. The boxers were next to go. Once their bodies were stripped completely bare,



“CIRCLING MY WRISTS, JIM PULLED ME UP INTO SITTING POSITION. BOTH MEN KNEELED NEXT TO ME NOW, FLANKING ME.”

Adam mirrored Jim’s pose on the bed.

Both men eyed me intently. Slowly they raked their fingertips over my skin, setting all the nerves from my head to my toes alight. I closed my eyes, eager to give myself over to the sensations that proved four hands are far better than two. Occasionally one of them would sweep over a particularly sensitive spot that sent a jolt straight to my clit. When that happened, my toes curled and my fingers flexed.

Their rhythmic stroking became hypnotic, teasing me into a meditative state. Then someone tweaked my nipple, bringing me back to reality with a jolt. When the world came back into

focus, both Jim and Adam were leaning over, looking at me.

Circling my wrists, Jim pulled me up into sitting position. Both men kneeled next to me now, flanking me. They guided my body until I was kneeling like them, then Adam came around to my front while Jim cradled my back.

Adam filled his palms with my breasts. His large hands massaged my heavy tits while his thumbs stroked my nipples, placing me in danger of sensory overload.

At the same time Jim wound his arms around my waist. His lips descended upon my neck, nibbling and sucking at that oh-so-sensitive spot he knows drives me wild.

Groaning, I bowed my back so I could press into both men. Thrusting my tits forward increased the pressure of Adam’s hands on my breasts, sparking an electric reaction that buzzed through me. Rocking my ass back pressed me flush against Jim’s throbbing erection. It nestled between my ass cheeks, so close and yet so painfully far from where I really wanted him to be.

Jim started grinding against me, stroking himself and stimulating my asshole in one fell swoop. He groaned against my neck, ending with a scrape

of his teeth across my skin. Slipping his hand between Adam and myself, Jim cupped my mound. The heel of his palm pressed against my clit while two fingertips parted my folds and headed straight for my center.

When Jim breached my entrance I lowered myself onto him, ready to take every available inch.

Still, I wanted more. Needed more.

Whimpering, I circled my hips, willing to do whatever it took to increase the pressure of Jim's palm on my clit.

But Jim slid his hand away.

"No," I groaned.

Fortunately, Jim didn't keep me wanting for long. He wound his arms around me and backed me up on the bed. Then Adam's arms wrapped around me as well. Together they lowered me onto all fours.

Once again Adam stood at my front while Jim remained at my ass. For the first time I got to truly appreciate what Adam had to offer. Licking my lips, I wondered how much of Adam's length I'd be able to fit in my mouth. His penis was truly a thing of beauty, perfect for my first time getting filled from both ends.

Placing one hand on my lower back to brace himself, Jim swirled the crown of his cock around my entrance before pushing inside.

Feeling my walls stretch offered the most delicious relief. I moaned my approval and thrust my ass against him, eager for more. While my walls rippled and twitched, Adam's erection bobbed in front of my face. Craning my neck, I was just able to reach the tip with my tongue.

Grunting, Adam moved closer to me. He wound his fingers through my hair, using his grip to guide me as I relaxed my throat to draw him in as deeply as I could.

Once they were both inside me, Adam and Jim started thrusting, working together to find the perfect rhythm. When Jim drove into me, Adam pulled out. When Jim drew himself from my

depths, Adam pushed inside. I was like their own personal sex seesaw, and I loved every second.

Relaxing my jaw, I opened myself completely to Adam. He thrust so hard his balls slapped against my chin. I fucking loved it. I was salivating over his dick, delighted to feel tears collect at the corners of my eyes when he hit the back of my throat. Sucking dick while I got fucked was every bit as amazing as I imagined.

Jim's grip on my hips tightened. I could feel every fingertip pressing into the soft padding on my sides. He grunted, picking up speed and slamming into me at full force.

Inspiring two men's pleasure was a heady experience. Their pleasure fueled mine. I was moaning on Adam's dick while my walls seized around Jim's.

Then everything grew so impossibly tight. My muscles shook under the stress. The pressure was so intense I thought I'd never feel relief, and then—aaah!

Now I was screaming, completely

losing my shit as my pussy twitched endlessly over Jim's dick. It was the longest orgasm of my life.

Another scream followed mine, this time from Jim. His hot come poured into my depths. I could feel it filling every available space inside me, and yet there was still some more that overflowed from my core.

And then came Adam. Grabbing the back of my head, he grunted as his how come spurted into my mouth and slid down the back of my throat.

Now I was filled. Satiated, even. My first threesome was a success and as long as I could help it, it wouldn't be my last.

—K.C., Oklahoma City, Oklahoma

Some say the first time is the greatest—until you have the chance to do it all again. But some virgin sexcapades are so memorable they deserve to be shared, so tell us about yours! Mail your story to: *Penthouse Letters*, Department MV, 8944 Mason Avenue, Chatsworth, CA, 91311, or email it to: letters@penthouse.com.





SEXY STEMS

LENA ANDERSON IS A LEG
MAN'S WET DREAM.













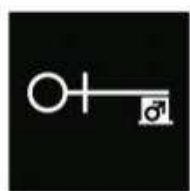
“MY DREAM DAY JOB?
A NAUGHTY MAID.”

—LENA

#GetTheGirl



PENTHOUSE.com



🔑 LUNCH BREAK

I started seeing Peter this past February. He's unlike anyone I've ever been with—in the best of ways. Peter is a tax attorney who is definitely on the introverted side, but he never fooled me. We met on a dating app, and he quickly made his move; he's the kind of man who knows what he wants and executes his plans with such precision and attention to detail that some might call him neurotic; I call him expert.

OWe mesh well—he enjoys being drawn out by my more bubbly, outgoing temperament, and he also croons over my naturally golden blonde hair (“classic blonde” he called it) and naturally large boobs (I'm a 38D—and only five-foot-two, so they look even bigger). Given those genes and my general disposition, when it comes to life and fashion, I like a little va-va-voom. Peter enjoys the way I tend to accentuate my feminine curves in pretty dresses. In fact, we call some of my dresses “sexual harassment dresses,” and I love teasing him about being my “in-house counsel.”

At the end of our very successful first

date, while unzipping one of my little black floral numbers, he whispered that he loved how beautiful I looked and really loved the fact that I'd worn it all for him. And what can I say? I was hooked: never before had a man made me feel so desired and cherished—and possessed.

While I am happily independent and educated, I have looked high and low for a man who loves to lead, and for a man who makes me feel safe enough to unleash all of my inner va-va-voom so I am able to be the most sensuous, uninhibited version of myself. Just as I was about to give up on dating entirely, Peter came out of nowhere. Besides the easy rapport and the hot chemistry that led to wild sex on our first date, it was like a light switch flipped on inside of us—and neither of us expected it. These days it is just as much of a joy for me to provoke him and engage him as it is for me to surrender when he tells me what to do—“for Caesar's I am”—and I have never been happier.

Peter works for a fairly conservative firm downtown. It's the kind of environment where his geometric patterned ties and dinosaur-shaped cuff

links are “living on the edge.” His office is all the way up on the 26th floor, and ever since we started dating, he loves to show me off to his stuffy coworkers by making me visit him ahead of going out for happy hour. I play to his whims, of course, and make sure I always pick out the right dress. I toss on the pearls for good measure.

And every now and then, Peter would also mention a desire to fuck me in his office, obviously at some hypothetical time when we wouldn't get caught. And I'd whisper about it to him when we made love, how I'd love to be his office whore and suck him off in the middle of a long day. I could tell it really got him going that I was willing to share in his workplace fantasy, but I wasn't sure if he'd actually be down for making it a reality. However, in retrospect, I am glad that I followed my gut and took the risk.

I waited for a sleepy Friday in the middle of summer. We were facing yet another intense heat wave here in the South, with highs creeping up into the 100s, even by the coast. I planned to surprise Peter with a little “lunch break” inside his freezing office.

He had mentioned how Fridays are fairly quiet, anyway, so I figured this was a well-timed surprise. I shot him a quick text though just to let him know I was dropping by to say hi, and he responded enthusiastically. I slipped on my favorite red dress: It has cap sleeves, a plunging sweetheart neckline, and a little belt to cinch in the waist—I always feel like Sophia Loren or Jayne Mansfield in this dress.

In spite of my more lecherous intentions, I had also put together an actual lunch for Peter to nibble on later, consisting of his favorite blue-cheese-stuffed olives, my homemade lamb ragu with rigatoni, and my chocolate *fleur de sel* cookies.

When I arrived, the receptionist smiled and waved me through. I stepped down the hall and paused in front of his open





door, just watching him for a moment before I gave a little knock.

He looked up and his serious expression gave way to a big grin. "Sandra. I've been expecting you."

"Well, it's not really a surprise then, is it?" I giggled and handed him the lunch bag. "But a surprise nonetheless."

We kissed and he opened the bag. "Oh, wow—this is amazing! I've been craving these olives."

While he was distracted, riffling through the food, I nudged the door shut with my heel.

At the sound of the door closing, Peter looked up.

I smiled at him. "I have another surprise for you." And then I reached down and turned the lock.

Peter looked serious again, and for a quick second I worried that maybe it was too much to have me show up and actually seduce him at work, but he set me straight right away: "Come here." His tone was firm—he meant business—and that was all the encouragement I needed.

I tugged on his necktie and kissed him. "Wanna do lunch?"

Peter kissed me again and reached around to cup and squeeze my ass through my dress. "Mmm, I'm very hungry right now," he said.

I giggled as he kissed his way down

"I STEPPED OUT OF MY DRESS AND STOOD BEFORE HIM IN ONLY MY LACY BLACK STRAPLESS BRA AND MATCHING CHEEKY PANTIES."

my neck and along my collarbone before nuzzling into my cleavage.

"I love this dress on you, Sandra," he said between kisses. "And I know I'm going to really love taking it off." He undid the belt around the waist and eased the zipper down.

I stepped out of my dress and stood before him in only my lacy black strapless bra and matching cheeky panties. I reached out and played with his tie some more. "Having a hard day?"

Peter smirked and unclasped my bra. "I am now." He fondled my tits and then kissed his way down again to suck on my nipples.

I moaned softly. "You better let me fix that."

"In due time." He wrapped his arms around me, and with a single lift put me on top of his secondary standing desk, which was adjacent to where he normally sat.

"I love the view from up here," I quipped.

Peter smiled, but he was still all business. "Take off your panties."

I played with his tie. "Whatever you say." And then I finessed my panties off, tossing them so that they landed beside his computer.

Peter chuckled. "That was a good toss."

I grinned mischievously, reaching down to stroke my pussy while maintaining eye contact. "Do you think anyone can see us all the way up here?"

"Twenty-six stories up? Maybe if there's a pervert in the bank tower with a telescope, but I'll take the risk." And with that, Peter began to eat me out.

I bit my lip, trying to stifle my moans; I'm a pretty loud moaner.

"I love how wet you already are for me." Peter kissed the inside of my thigh as he teased my entrance with his fingers. "I can't wait to fuck you."

And then he resumed sucking on my clit. By far, Peter is the most generous oral lover I've ever had. Plus, he knows exactly the kind of gentle undulating pressure to apply to my clit—so it wasn't

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long before he sent me flying to the moon. I couldn't help myself at that point; the sensation of the suction and his two fingers strumming the inside of my pussy made me squeal and shake with delight, and there is simply no such thing as a quiet orgasm.

Once I came, you bet I was eager to the return the favor. I playfully pushed him into his desk chair and unzipped his pants. Peter's perfect cock was standing at attention, and there was already an enticing sheen of pre-come for me to lick off.

I took his cock in my mouth and cupped his balls while I traced slow, lazy circles around the head with my tongue.

"Oh, Sandra," Peter groaned and ran his hands through my hair. "That's right, swallow my cock."

I took as much of his shaft as possible deep into my mouth and down my throat. At the same time, I let my nipples brush against his balls, and the top of my breasts graze the underside and base of his dick.

Peter tugged on my hair gently, moaning as I transitioned into a combination face-fuck and titty-fuck. "That's right, milk my cock with those tits."

He loves it when I do this: I squeezed his cock between my tits while sucking on the head and then let him kind of thrust himself into my mouth. Periodically

"I TOOK HIS COCK IN MY MOUTH AND CUPPED HIS BALLS WHILE I TRACED SLOW, LAZY CIRCLES AROUND THE HEAD WITH MY TONGUE."

I tormented him even more by pausing to take his balls in my mouth, one by one.

I took a breath. "You wanna come in my mouth?"

Peter looked down and grinned, caressing my face. "I'm thinking I wanna fuck that tight pussy before I explode."

He helped me to my feet and had me stand against the floor-to-ceiling glass windows in his office.

"Ooh, let's try it like this first." I pressed my nipple against the cold glass and squealed in shock.

"Cold enough for you?"

I giggled and nodded. "The janitors are going to wonder how your windows got all smudged."

"Let them." Peter kissed my neck and entered me from behind.

We stood like this and fucked for a few minutes, but ultimately we ended up using his computer desk. He made me bend over it and took me doggy-style while my tits flopped all over what appeared to be important tax documents.

But ultimately, Peter loves looking at my face and tits when he fucks me, so we ended up down on the carpet beneath his desk. In spite of the freezing air conditioner, he was actually dripping with sweat when he blew his load deep inside my pussy.

We kissed and laid there together for a while. And then Peter said: "This was some lunch."

I laughed. "Yes, it was."

"I only have one question." He nuzzled into my neck.

"Hmm?"

"What are we doing for dinner?"

—S.F., Boca Raton, Florida

🕒 RIDING THE RODS

The hot blond guy timed it just right. We were crammed into a corner by the baggage storage, me with my skirt up around my hips, him with his lovely cock jammed up into my pussy. I had my elbows locked around his neck. We'd been fucking like mad monkeys for ten minutes. Just as the train squealed into the station, he shot his load.

I came hard, burying my own squealing cry against his throat. The pleasure was intense, heightened by the motion of the train and the fact that we could've gotten caught at any moment.

Giggling, we uncoupled, grabbed our respective bags, and detrained. We waved goodbye to each other, and I went off to get my next train.

I felt ebullient. The very air seemed alive around me. I couldn't get the grin off my face and didn't try. I'd passed maybe forty words with that blond guy. I had

no idea what his name was. It had been another perfect encounter.

This was my current notion of paradise. I had recently come into some fairly serious settlement money—not a fortune by most people’s standards, but it had meant I could quit my job and do what I wanted for at least a year. I’d decided that what I wanted to do was ride trains all over the country.

I had always loved train travel. There was something romantic about it. Being aboard a train that was rattling over the rails, winding through panoramic countryside, was a timeless experience. It was far less hectic than air travel. People had time. They acted friendlier.

There was also much more opportunity for hookups. I’d been at this for over a month now, and I had fucked dozens of guys. Lots of places existed on board where two people could perform a quick gratuitous sex act. I’d been having a blast.

It left me in a happy daze. I felt utterly liberated. All my bills were being paid online. It was like I was cut adrift from all the heavy trappings of the world, free to roam and explore and indulge myself.

Right now I wasn’t even sure what city I was in. But my next train was waiting for me on its platform. A new surge of anticipation gripped me as I got aboard, even with hot blond guy’s come still warm inside me. Who would be my next playmate? I’d had many types of men so far, throwing off any old preconceptions, choosing almost at random. If it felt right, I just went with the moment and with the man.

I was traveling whimsically, not interested in destinations. For this leg I’d booked myself a sleeper compartment so that I could shower and change in comfort. When my laundry got too rank, I just tossed it and hit a local mall for new clothes.

We were underway by the time I’d showered and dressed. I looked out my window at the passing scenery. More often than not the railway lines

went through forested areas and over picturesque mountains. I felt like I’d never seen the country before this.

Evening was settling in as the strung-together train cars bumped contentedly along their tracks, pulled by the strong locomotive. Trains sway and rumble, but it’s all very gentle, even genteel. You feel vaguely classy just for being conveyed around like this.

There was also something about that constant motion, I’d discovered, that made some human animals very amorous, me included. Since I had climbed aboard my first train car, I’d been in a state of unabashed horniness.

I made my way to the dining car. As usual it was doing a brisk business. People were asked to double up at the tables so that everybody could be served in a timely fashion. I marveled at how the wait staff maneuvered trays of food with the floor literally moving underfoot.

I ate my meal with a man who introduced himself as Gary. He was handsome but reserved-looking, like a youngish professor. He knew a great deal about railroad history. I tried a couple flirty feints but he didn’t respond, so I just enjoyed his conversation.

“In the Great Depression,” he said, “hobos hopped freights, looking for places to find work—any work.” He shook his head, as if he’d known those unfortunate people. “It was called riding the rods.”

I burst out laughing before I could stop myself, thinking of the many “rods” I’d ridden on my carnal train excursion so far. Gary smiled, bemused. I liked his smile. I made one last play for him. “Want to come to my sleeper for a while?” I asked.

Maybe I’d been too subtle before. Or maybe he wasn’t used to hot women hitting on him. His eyes lit. “I’d like that very much, Rachel.”

We skipped dessert and I took him to my small but comfortable cabin. The bed folded out of the wall and doubled as a couch. We sat together, and I could tell he was nervous and excited. The wide window showed us the passing night.

I put my arm around his shoulders, liking this first feel of his strong frame. He set a hand on my knee. Then we... just sat for a while. It was odd but charming. Every other time on my travels that I’d gotten a man into a situation like this we were already tearing each



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other's clothes off.

With Gary it started off gentle, almost as if this were a romance. But soon I felt him trembling. His hand shivered on my knee. I leaned over and softly kissed his cheek. When he turned, his eyes danced with the moonlight spilling through the window.

Our mouths came together. That stately romantic vibe persisted for a second or two, but the rush of desire overtook us both. Our lips parted, our tongues tangled urgently. I pulled him against me. His arms encircled me.

We didn't have to grope our way to the bed. We were already on it. I pushed him onto his back and climbed on top of him, still dressed. I pressed my crotch on his, feeling the swelling bulge there. His hands clutched my ass, grinding me harder against him.

Heat coursed through me, and clothes were now a really stupid idea. He seized the bottom hem of my top and tore it off over my head. I swiftly undid the buttons of his shirt. Then my skirt and his slacks went flying.

I grabbed hold of his cock, and his whole body jumped. Moonlight silvered his taut, lovely physique. Tree shadows

raced by the window. The train rocked gently and steadily underneath us. The pulse of his hard, vein-lined shaft matched the rhythm of the steel wheels going over the track ties.

Gary pulled me in for another slaving kiss. All his hesitancy was gone now. He maneuvered me onto my back, then licked his way down my throat. His hands squeezed my heaving tits. His mouth found my stiffened nipples, and I growled with pleasure when he nibbled on them.

He continued down my body. I helpfully spread my legs and grinned as he slid down between them. My pussy glistened. Need throbbed within me. I closed my soft thighs on his shoulders as he got his head into position.

The first touch of his tongue on my pussy lips sent hot sparks through me. He lapped me up and down, igniting the deeper pleasures. My ass quivered underneath me. My hips jerked. He delved inside, his tongue tip probing. He flicked my clit, and those sparks swelled, growing into seething fireballs.

He kept it up, making wet noises between my thighs, slurping greedily. The intensity built and built. My legs tightened around his shoulders like a vise. My

ass lifted off the thin mattress. The train clattered on into the night, and I came with a deep satisfying wrench.

Gary drank my juices, not giving up until the last hot spasms had worked through me. He sat up, chin gleaming. I elbowed upright, licked my fluids off his face, and put him once more on his back. I moved down between his legs.

I ran my tongue up his inner right thigh, until my mouth reached his balls. I bathed his nut sac, relishing the soft sting of his sweat, inhaling his masculine aroma. I moved my mouth up onto his shaft.

Holding him around his base, I swirled his thick cock head with my tongue. I swallowed the pearl of pre-come I found, then closed my mouth around his knob, applying a gentle but firm suction. He squirmed with pleasure.

I sucked my way down his inches. My cheeks flattened around his staff, and my tongue plucked all the squiggling veins. The deep flavor of him filled me. I took his cock head past my gag reflex and into my throat. He moaned.

To the endless clack-clack of the rails I lifted and dropped my mouth on his delectable cock for a while. He shuddered and clawed the bed. I was tempted to just keep it up and make him shoot off in my mouth. But he was the one who shifted us into a new position.

He pulled me up onto him. He was gazing at me with a kind of innocent rapture, like he couldn't quite believe this was happening. I grinned down as I settled over him, setting his well-sucked cock head against my drizzling pussy entrance. Slowly I lowered myself onto him.

New pleasure climbed my body. His hands lifted to caress my breasts. I took him deep up into me, grinding my hips in a hard half-circle. He pulsated inside me, at the core of my needy being. Working my knees, I slid up and down on his hard, sturdy rod.

The train car continued its tireless lullaby, pitching and swaying. The hum





of all that powerful metal, the snarl of the engine, seemed to get into my bones. I felt all the strength of the train thrumming through me.

I rode Gary. He matched my rhythm, my force. He thrust up into me, meeting my downward plunges. We worked with precision, with fine-tuned perfection. I'd had a truly wild journey so far on my erotic excursion, but this I knew was something special.

Somehow he understood the inherent eroticism of train travel. So as we fucked, it was the ultimate expression of that magical carnality that could only be experienced like this. In my little cabin our bodies jerked and thrust and thrashed.

I slammed down on him. When he gave a choked howl, I felt my climax tear through me. His come erupted, adding to my fantastic pleasure.

Afterward, we lay together and let the train take us deeper into the radiant night.

—R.H., via email

MOONLIT

I have a thing for fucking in weird places. Molly is used to this. She looks forward to it, or so she said. At first, she was baffled by it, but we've had sex in some pretty awesome places. And we've nearly gotten caught more than once. Someone that occasionally wants to watch is an unwilling third participant. But for the most part, I just like to fuck her in odd locations.

I had just came home from my last

“A MOAN SLIPPED PAST HER LIPS AND HER PUSSY CONTRACTED AROUND MY FINGERS.”

meeting of the day.

“Went to a new building today.”

“Yeah?” She was rolling egg rolls. She likes to cook crazy things entirely homemade.

“Where I parked there's this hill in the very center of the parking lot. It's like it should; have been a manicured lawn but it's a hill and they left it. And they planted three trees on top the hill.”

She snorted. “Okay...”

“And it's a very weird place.”

She stopped rolling and looked up at me from beneath long dark lashes. She put the egg roll down and straightened up. “Like...a weird, weird place.”

I nodded, feeling a twitch in my slacks. “Yes. A real weird place. I'd like you to see it.”

She looked up at the clock. “Tonight?”

“Ideally. But if not, tomorrow.”

“Dark isn't until nine or so.” She chewed her lower lip. “Okay. Tonight it is.”

I stood up and grabbed her wrist. I tugged until she pressed herself against

me. I nipped her earlobe and growled. “Just wait until I get you out there in the moonlight. There's a nearly full moon tonight. Did you know that?”

Molly shook her head. Her cheeks had turned ruddy, her breath came in short puffs, and her eyes were a little shiny.

I grinned down at her, feeling damn near predatory. I pushed my hand into her shorts and her underpants. I slid my finger over her slick heat. Penetrated her with a finger. She was so wet just from talking about it.

“Well, there is,” I said and I curled my finger in her depths. “A bright, shiny blob of a moon.” I slid a second finger in and fucked her slowly with them. “Maybe that's why I'm feeling more animal than man. I want to fuck you out under the fat white moon.”

A moan slipped past her lips and her pussy contracted around my fingers. I pulled them free and smiled down at her again. I pushed my fingers to her lips until she licked the tips. Then I shoved them in my mouth and sucked them dry.

“Not long now.” I squeezed her ass and left her standing there.

When we sat down to eat her carefully prepared egg rolls less than an hour later she kept shifting in her seat.

“Horny?” I asked, popping one of her perfect concoctions in my mouth.

Molly snorted. “You know damn well I am.”

“Good, then I did my job.”

We finished our meal, drank a glass of wine, and cleaned up the kitchen. When we looked outside the sky was a big purple bruise. “Let's go,” I said, and grabbed her hand. My heart pounded. I felt like a kid. Or an outlaw.

She laughed when she saw it. “It is. Just a hill in the middle of the parking lot with trees.”

I nodded. “Stupid, right?”

She shoved her hand in my lap and grabbed my already hard cock. “Stupid.”

“And—” I said, catching my breath as she nonchalantly stroked my hard-on. “The

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parking lot lights must be on sensors. If there's enough light they don't come on. Between the ones out there on the road and the moon...we're in luck. Must be enough light."

The moonlight shone down on the odd scene, a cold white splash in the darkness. I led her up to the first tree and reached in my pocket. I had one of her plain cotton headbands stashed in there.

"Put your back to the tree," I whispered in her ear.

She shivered visibly and backed up to the tree. I went behind her and looped the headband around and around until her wrists were lashed together.

When we were face to face again, she was breathing hard. I kissed my way down her neck and across her collarbone. I used my teeth here and there to make her jump. Then I undid the button and zipper of her shorts and yanked them down along with her panties. "Let's start with fingers," I said.

I pushed three into her lickety-split. She was wet and ready and turned on like nobody's business. Her cunt was moist and willing to let me slide my fingers in and out, to wiggle and curl them. She arched her hips, fighting her meager bonds. She was so pretty in the moonlight. Her dark brown eyes were like dark shadows in her pale face.

"WHEN WE WERE FACE TO FACE AGAIN, SHE WAS BREATHING HARD. I KISSED MY WAY DOWN HER NECK AND ACROSS HER COLLARBONE."

"You like that?"

She mewled, bucking her body as I played with her pussy.

"I do, I do..." she groaned.

I moved my fingers back and forth, opening her up, being a little rough. It always got her off, made her pussy swollen and ready. I gentled my touch and leaned into nuzzle her neck. I ran my teeth along the smooth skin and sucked. If I want my girl to come, her neck is the place to be.

I sucked, sucked harder, fucked her with my fingers. All the while my dick was stretched taut against my workout pants. I was so hard I was throbbing.

I nibbled my way up and bit her earlobe hard. Her pussy grabbed my fingers and

she cried out as she came. The moonlight splashed cold light across her face.

I kissed her lips. "Good girl."

I released her and said, "Next tree."

She went dutifully and waited for instructions. "Face the tree," I said. "Again." Then I chuckled.

I wound the headband around her wrists again and got behind her. I grabbed her hips, stroking them, taking my time to work her up. Then I tugged so she stuck her ass out and her torso rested against the tree.

"I think that moonlight would make a rosy red ass look super interesting." She moved as if she might stand, but I beat her to the punch. I let my hand fall hard and heavy on her ass cheek and saw her shudder.

"Oh—" she said, but she never told me to stop. Because, after this, when she came, it would be amazing.

I alternated blows. Watching her ass jiggle with each swat. I saw color come into her smooth flesh, but it was distorted by the moonlight. I gave her a particularly hearty smack and she bucked, crying out softly. I didn't think there was anyone around, but I could tell she was aware of it and worried, which turned me on even more.

I moved in close behind her, pulled my cock out, and rubbed it against her warm ass cheeks. Dragged it down her crack to tease her. Ran the head over the back of her taut thighs.

"Oh, God. Stop teasing me." She kept her voice low and the desperation I heard in her voice made my dick jerk.

"Okay. No more teasing." I immediately went back to spanking her. Left cheek, right cheek, left cheek, right cheek. Then I grabbed her hips roughly and plunged into her wet, hot pussy.

She gasped. I'd caught her off-guard.

I fucked her fast and hard at first. And when she was swollen and tight around me, I slowed my roll. I started to move in and out of her with deliberate care. Feeling for those tender places I knew



would set her off.

I gripped her with my fingers, not caring if it hurt a little, and ground against her. Rocking my hips from side to side. Sliding in and out of her in slow but shallow thrusts.

She was moaning and didn't seem to have any cares about being heard at this point.

"Give it to me, girl. Come for Daddy."

I held her left hip steady but took my right hand and gave her the hardest blow yet. She bucked, cried out, caught off-guard again, and then her cunt was spasming around me, milking me so that it was an effort not to give in and come.

But I wasn't done with her yet.

I freed her. "Next tree."

She practically stumbled. At the tree I said, "On your knees."

She got down immediately and read my mind. She hugged the skinny tree, put her wrists out, and I bound them. I stood in front of her and pushed my cock against her sweet lips. They were warm and full and perfect. Her tongue darted out and she lapped at my cock head. I put my hand in her dark hair and held her steady as I fucked her mouth.

Molly darted her tongue along my shaft, constantly licking and flicking it.

When I pushed deeper she let me fill her mouth and her throat. She sucked, her cheeks hollowing in the weird shadowed wonderland we were in.

She gasped and grunted and the vibrations rumbled up through me. I played with my balls, squeezing gently as she sucked me harder. She wanted me to come and her eagerness always served to pushed me over the edge faster.

I tugged her hair a little, making it hurt a bit, and she grunted. The noise shot through me like electricity and I hissed, trying to keep my orgasm at bay.

She pulled back and sucked just the tip, rolling her wet tongue around the cap like she was tracing the outline of a lollipop. I tugged her hair again and she moaned. She moved her hips like I was fucking her and I never thought I'd seen anything that sexy.

She drew on me repeatedly and the pleasure grew and built through me like the world's most intense caffeine buzz.

"Suck it," I growled. "Take it, girl..."

She moved faster but so did her lower body, mimicking us fucking.

I came, jerking hard against her mouth, still holding her hair and filling her mouth. She did her best to swallow it down, but

a bit slid from the corner of her mouth, prolonging my pleasure.

I pulled the headband off her wrists just as we heard the pop of tires turning into the parking lot off the main road. We only had a minute before it came around the corner. "Hurry!" I said, laughing. "We have to get our clothes."

We gathered them, scrambling to get them on. I saw Molly drop her undies but there was no time. As we climbed into the car we saw a white van pull up. A man got out toting a vacuum and a cleaning caddy.

"Almost busted by the cleaning crew," I said.

"Never a dull moment," she said, grinning.

-T.L., Akron, Ohio

Life, like sex, is uncertain business. You never know what you're going to find. Same goes for Carnalcopia, which includes a little bit of everything. You might even find your letter there. Of course, you'll have to send it to us first! Mail your story to: *Penthouse Letters*, Department CC, 8944 Mason Avenue, Chatsworth, CA, 91311, or email it to: letters@penthouse.com.



BLACK WIDOW

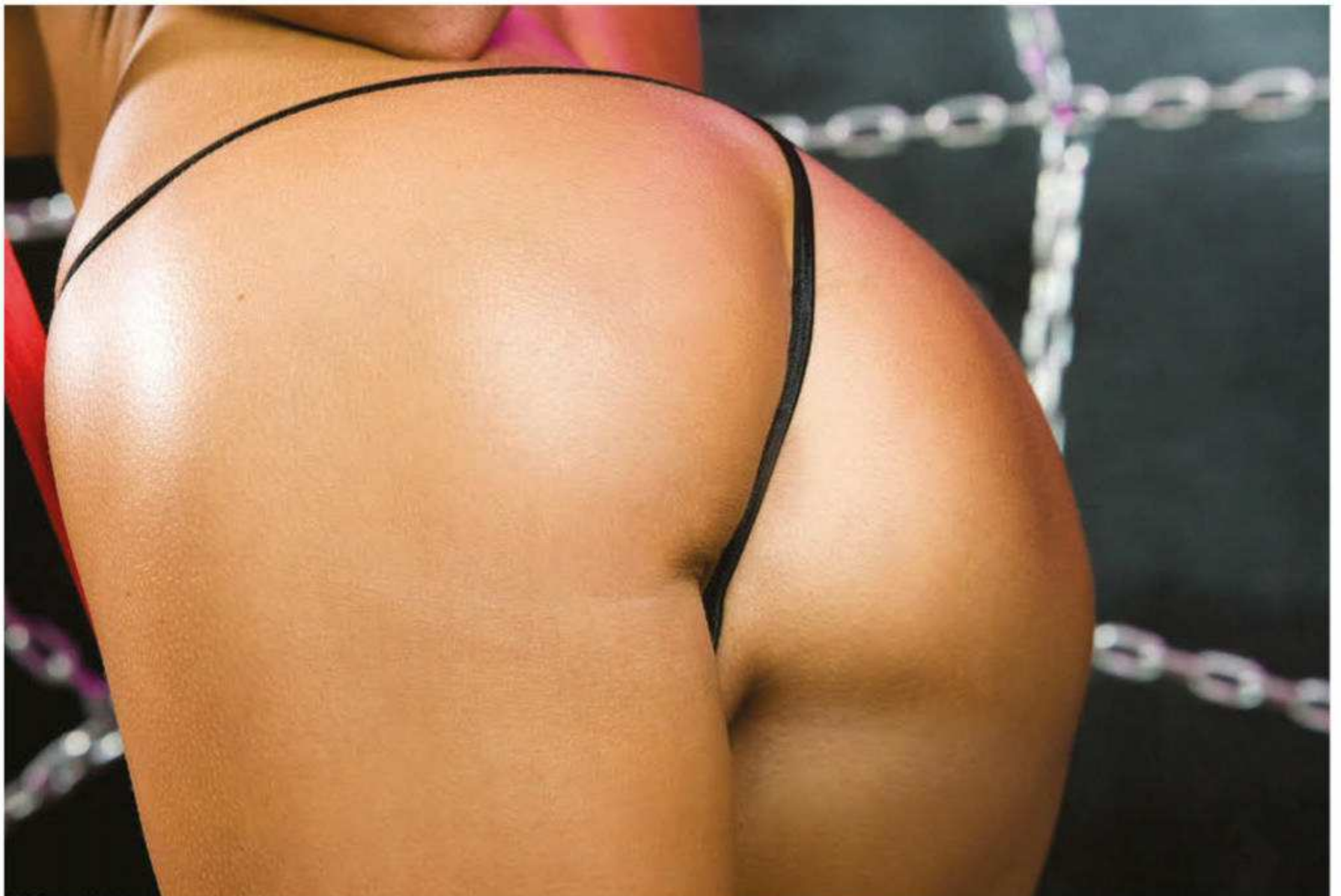
MCKENZIE MILES HAS NO PROBLEM LURING PRAY INTO HER WEB.





I'M AN INSATIABLE FLIRT. I LOVE
FOOLING AROUND.

—MCKENZEE





















TOP 10

▾ KENDRA SUNDERLAND



TOP 10 HOTTEST HALLOWEEN COSTUMES

10. Friendly Fire Babe Costume
9. Sexy Schoolgirl
8. SWAT Hottie Costume
7. Cleopatra
6. Roller Derby Girl
5. *Starline Goddess of Love*
4. Wonder Woman
3. Dominatrix
2. Sexy Nurse
1. French Maid



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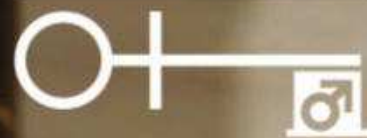


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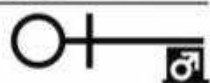
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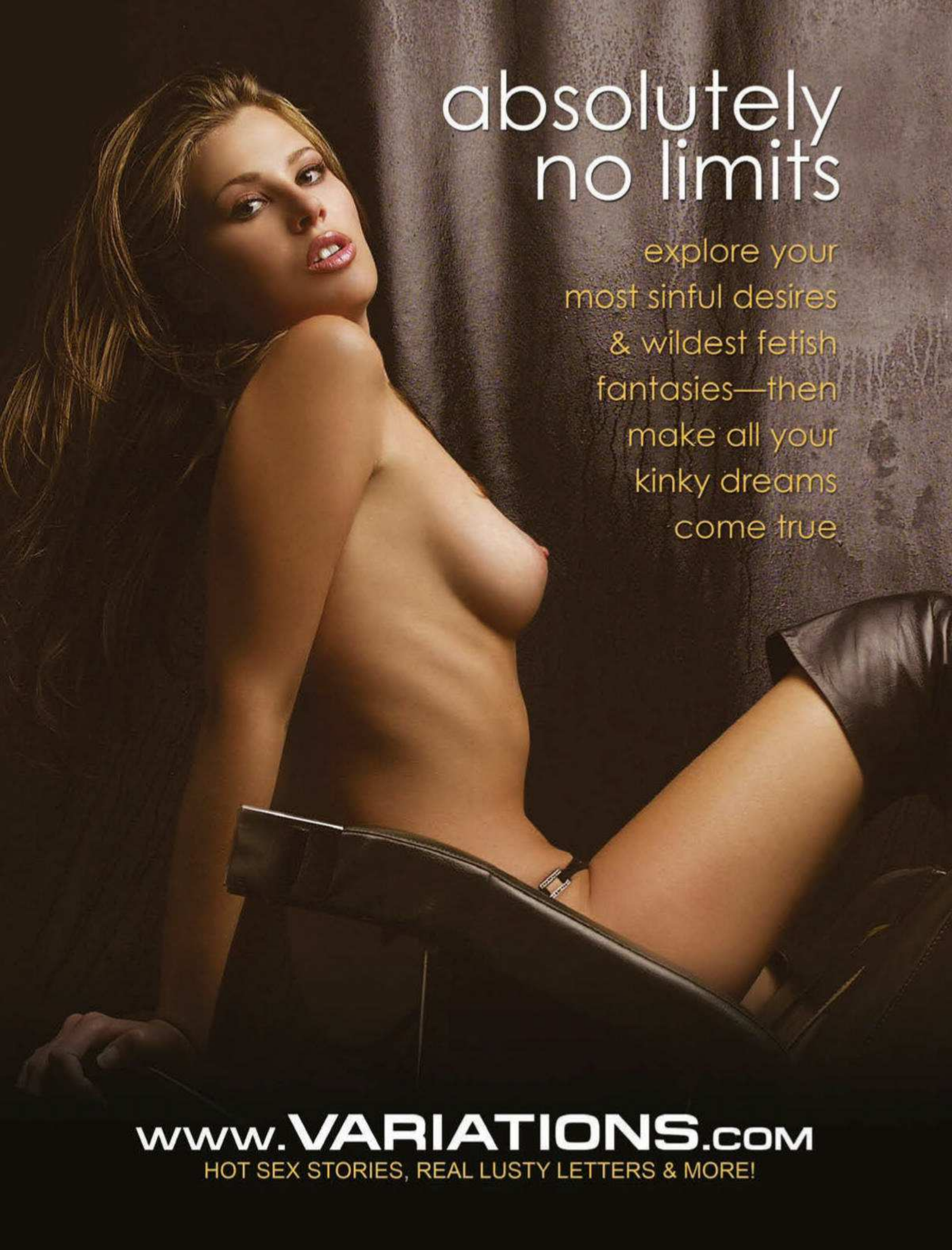
FREAKY couples get down in the strangest of places. What's better than a quick, sneaky fuck in the office or in a private car on the train when no one is paying attention?

In "Don't Touch" an experienced couple play with the best of bondage, while "Summer Stocks" explores all the titillating tension that spanking on a glass table can offer. And of course, the French Maid shows up ready to please on her knees.

You'll rethink the meaning of a pedicure after you read "Step by Step" by Louisa Reagan and ball gags will be on the top of your Amazon list after one scan over "Power Play". It's all animal urges in this October issue of *Penthouse Variations*, so throw your inhibitions to the wind and let yourself go wild.

Are you a total freak between the sheets? Share your inner temptress with us: letters@penthouse.com.



A woman with long, wavy brown hair is posing in a black leather outfit, including a corset and thigh-high boots. She is looking back over her shoulder at the camera. The background is dark and textured.

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VARIATIONS

▾ BONDAGE LETTERS

🔑 DON'T TOUCH

I didn't quite know what I liked, but I knew there was something...well, a little untraditional about me sexually. Odd things seemed to excite me. Or "odd" things. Turns out there wasn't anything weird about me. I was right just as I was. And Brianna would've laughed her ass off if I'd said "untraditional" in her presence.

"Sexual traditions exist to make unadventurous people feel smug and cozy. God, they bore me!" It was something Brianna said. She seemed to have a whole book full of proud, sassy sayings like that.

She was the one who took me in hand, who let me open up and then helped me explore the landscapes of kink. She wanted me to find what was right for me. It was a thoughtful process. She really cared for me, and I, of course, was smitten with her.

Brianna was beautiful, sexy, worldly, never scornful. She had enjoyed

her own many kinky explorations, discovering new things about herself until she was, in her words, "a fully realized erotic being."

One of the first things she established about me after we started seriously seeing each other was that I fell into the sub category—"sub" as in submissive, and "submissive" as in "not dominant." Brianna was a domme. She liked control

"BRIANNA WENT AROUND TO THE BED'S FOUR CORNERS AND TIED MY WRISTS AND ANKLES TO THE STRONG WOOD POSTS WITH SILK SCARVES."

of the sexual situation, and she knew how to be in charge, how to monitor the other person's reactions so that the experience was always positive.

Our first few times in bed I'd had only a hint of her true nature. Back then she'd just been this hot woman who had asked me back to her place from a party. But even the first time we were naked together I felt a special connectivity.

Now we were in a relationship and I'd never been happier with anyone. Already we'd done stuff that I couldn't have imagined before. All of it had been exciting, one way or another, but not everything I wanted to repeat. She helped me narrow down the acts and scenarios that most appealed to me, that got me the hottest.

It was like a collaborative research paper, just with a lot more fucking.

For instance, I found that getting spanked didn't get me off much. But I loved it the first time she handcuffed me. With precise skill, she shaped my awakened sexual being—or let me find it on my own. She simply facilitated it and was delighted each time I made a new discovery.

Now we had my ultimate scenario planned. I came over to her apartment, and she led me into the bedroom. She wore a severe expression. She ordered me to strip. Trembling, I dropped my clothes. She knew just the tone to take, how to make her voice reminiscent of every authority figure who'd ever secretly aroused me in my life.

"Lie on the bed. On your back. Hands and feet out!"

Her bed was a four-poster. After disrobing, I tried covering my cock with my hands, feeling a sweet bright shame. Now I lay utterly exposed, unable to hide my helpless hard-on.

Brianna went around to the bed's four corners and tied my wrists and ankles to the strong wood posts with silk scarves. I tested the knots, not surprised to find they were very secure.



She loomed over me, seeming to dominate the room. She wore a sexy black dress and high heels. Her eyes blazed with command. She looked me over, and I felt like an unworthy offering brought before someone of far greater importance than myself. Even so, my cock didn't wilt one iota. It remained fiercely hard, the cock head throbbing against my lower belly.

Still gazing at me, she began to touch herself. She brought her hands up to cup her breasts through the sheer fabric of the dress. A flicker of pleasure flowed across her austere features. Her fingers squeezed harder. A soft moan escaped her lips.

I automatically strained at my restraints again. All the mechanisms in my body wanted me to move toward her. Instinct told me to take her in my arms, kiss her, lick her, caress her. But I could barely move tied up this way. And that was central to the brand of kink I enjoyed.

She continued to feel up her own tits. More excitement showed on her lovely face. She worked a hand down the front of her dress. I watched keenly as she reached her crotch and began to rub there.

I jerked my hips on the bed, lifting myself no more than a few inches into the air. My blazingly erect cock bounced on my abdomen. Arousal tortured me. I wanted this woman, but I was powerless to reach her.

She moaned louder, squeezing and rubbing herself harder. Her wet mouth opened wide and her eyes rolled, but she never lost awareness of me. Her gaze continued to flicker over my staked-out naked form.

Finally she had to get out of the dress. She slipped it off her shoulders and let it drop, revealing the exquisite pillar of her bare body. She had a swimmer's tautness with lush swells of ripe femininity. Her breasts were full and high, her back a long flawless slope, ending in



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the twin hemispheres of her ass.

I cried out, a raw, wordless sound. She gave me a cold acknowledgment. As much as I wanted her, that stare said, I could not have her. I would not be allowed to touch. I would remain bound in place, to long, to suffer, to watch.

She resumed caressing and stroking herself, now spreading her legs and tracing two fingertips up and down the hairless groove of her oiled pussy. Pleasure shuddered up her naked body. She tweaked her own nipples, squeezing so hard that the hot pink color deepened to purple.

I thrashed impotently on the bed, tied to the four posts, naked before this deliciously cruel and beautiful woman. I couldn't even reach my own cock to jerk myself to satisfaction. My mouth hung open. I heard whimpers and realized they were mine.

Brianna slipped two fingers up inside herself, making certain I got a good view of what I would not be permitted to touch. The scent of her excitement was in the air. She worked the digits slowly in and out of. I saw them glisten as they emerged. Nothing about the pleasure she was giving herself was fake.

I ached to touch her but couldn't. Somehow, she had deduced that this

setup would reach the deepest part of my being, the truth of my sub self. Everything in my personal sexual history had been leading unwittingly to this moment.

And I never would have found myself without this amazing woman.

Her fingers delved deep. She still wore the high heels and they made her arch her body toward me. Hot bliss lit her face. A flush spread over her skin as she undulated, as her muscles rippled, gathering with her approaching climax.

I writhed. I begged. Just as she wrenched with her orgasm, she gave me a piercing gaze and told me, "Come!"

And I shot my whole pent-up load on my stomach and chest. It was the best orgasm of my life.

—Q.W., Anchorage, Alaska

🕒 SUMMER STOCKS

I was only doing set work on the college play because I was interested in Kyle. (And okay, because I needed the credits.) I had an inkling about Kyle, something in his vibe that told me he might be tuned into my particular kinky frequency even if he didn't already know it. It was pretty clear he found me

attractive. He was shy about it, though, so when I caught him ogling my tight butt or perky tits, he always blushed and hurried away.

The university production was about colonial America and Puritan morality. The main set was a town square. Kyle and I and a bevy of other wannabe carpenters had erected convincing building facades surrounding a central area where the action would take place.

Smack in the middle were the stocks. They were those wood frameworks you see in old movies, where a punished person had their head and hands locked into place, leaving them bent over, their butts sticking out behind them.

In the play, cast members were supposed to pelt the "wanton" woman in the stocks with paper vegetables and shout righteous condemnation at her, all while she pled uselessly for forbearance and forgiveness.

The night before the show opened, Kyle and I stayed late on the set. Supposedly we were doing some last-minute touch-ups, even though everything already looked good. It would be up to the actors to bring the play to life.

I figured he had volunteered to stay because he was finally going to make his move on me. I grinned privately. If I did this right, he would get more than he'd bargained for.

After daubing a little paint here and sanding a surface there, I wandered over to the stocks. We'd done an especially good job with this prop. They were solid and actually did lock. I laid my neck on the bottom half of the biggest hole, then set my wrists into the two smaller holes on either side.

"Hey, Kyle. Look. I'm a wanton woman!"

He laughed, but something sparkled in his eyes.

"Come and lock me in," I said.

He hesitated but came. As he reached down for the upper half to



swing it up over the top, I heard his breath catch. He locked the stocks in place. I was now bent at the waist and helpless, unable to reach anything with my pinned hands. My ass stuck straight out. I was wearing a skirt and no panties.

"Punish the wanton woman!" I cried out in a dramatic voice. Kyle laughed again, but his throat tremored. He called out a few other lines we'd picked up from watching rehearsals. But his eyes were fastened on me. We were alone in the theater.

Suddenly I yelled, "Spank the whore!" It wasn't from the play. Nobody spanked the lead actress.

Kyle stopped. His jaw fell slowly open. I also saw the front of his jeans start to swell. I could almost hear the dime drop in his head. He liked me, but now he was seeing me in a different light, exciting in a way he'd probably never imagined would turn him on.

"I HEARD HIS GASP AS HE SAW I WAS WITHOUT PANTIES. I FELT THE AIR ON MY EXPOSED ASS, TICKLING THE MOIST FOLDS OF MY PUSSY"

I, on the other hand, was perfectly familiar with the joys of being restrained and being spanked. It was something I relished, but finding the right partner was difficult. Kyle seemed to have the proper mix of sensitivity and latent dominance.

Or maybe I was wrong about him. The moment balanced on a razor's edge for

several seconds. If this happened for him, it would be a turning point in his life. I wanted the experience to be a good one for him.

"Spank...you?" he whispered.

I looked up into his eyes, deadly serious. "Yes. Spank me, Kyle."

He stared a full minute. Then with a dazed look on his face he moved around behind the stocks, out of my field of vision. I told him to draw up my skirt. He folded it onto my back. I heard his gasp as he saw I was without panties. I felt the air on my exposed ass, tickling the moist folds of my pussy.

I was about to call out further encouragement to him, but suddenly he let out a sharp grunt, there was a whistle of air, and his open palm met my right ass cheek with a crisp smack.

I bit my lip, not wanting to scare him with a healthy appreciative scream. My whole body jerked. The wooden stocks held my head and hands in firm place. It

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▾ BONDAGE LETTERS



was that restraint which was the real kink for me, even more than the exquisite pain of Kyle's blow. He'd walloped me nicely.

Unable to see him, I grew worried when he was silent for a moment. Was he going to freak out on me? Maybe he thought only "weirdos" got turned on by stuff like this. If it was within my power, I would disabuse him of that idiotic notion.

In the same theatrical voice I cried, "Yes! Spank her more!" It was like I was playing the part of the crowd that had come to watch me get my just punishment.

Kyle made a strangled noise behind me, then his hand struck my ass again. He hit my left cheek this time, which was good form. Alternating side to side distributed the pain better. I tried to move but couldn't. The stocks held me deliciously in my place, helpless to the sadistic attentions of my rightful punisher.

He smacked me again, with barely a pause this time. I made more catcalls. When his stinging palm fell again, I switched voices, assuming the more immediate role. "Master!" I cried. "Please, mercy! Mercy, master!"

There was another perilous interval when I couldn't see by his expression if I'd taken him too far too fast. But seconds later he resumed paddling me. After a few more luscious blows, he started truly taking on his own part in our little play.

"Take that, you tramp! Take that, you trollop!"

The hurt sent frigid tendrils of joy throughout me. But the bondage was what ignited the ultimate ecstasy in my body and soul. I'd been restrained lots of different ways before, but never in old-fashioned stocks. It was fantastic, even as I struggled to break free. The wood creaked and the metal parts rattled.

As my ass cheeks each absorbed something like a dozen sharp, open-handed blows, a hot bliss broke loose inside me. Suddenly I was trembling, then shuddering with every muscle. A powerful come ripped through me from the base of my backbone up to my scalp. The pleasure was intense, easily as potent as all the sweet pain I'd received tonight.

Behind me, Kyle made a surprised

**"AS MY ASS CHEEKS
EACH ABSORBED
SOMETHING LIKE A DOZEN
SHARP, OPEN-HANDED
BLOWS, A HOT BLISS
BROKE LOOSE INSIDE"**

sound. In his own voice he asked hesitantly, "Jeez, Nora...did you just come?"

I grinned, even though he couldn't see. I knew for sure he'd never made another woman climax in this fashion. I said, "Damn right. Now you should come too. Stick your hard cock in me, Kyle. Fuck me!"

I heard the rasp of his jeans' zipper. His cock was indeed primed. He jammed his bloated cock head against my slick pussy entrance and shoved himself inside. I cried out with pleasure.

He stroked hard into me. The impacts lit up my smarting ass cheeks, which only made it better. He fucked me deep, tempo increasing. I hung there in the stocks, the happily punished woman, and I came as he filled my pussy with his hot spunk.

When he came around to unlock me, he looked different. He was different. He understood my kink. And now that kink was his, too.

We might just have to build a set of stocks for ourselves.

—N.N., via email

Does being bound set you free? Or do you like to be the one who holds the key to the cuffs? Share your kinks with your fellow readers. Mail your story to: *Penthouse Variations*, 8944 Mason Avenue, Chatsworth, CA, 91311, or email it to: letters@penthouse.com.

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—DESTINY





ABOUT TESSA

A dominatrix reminisces about her favorite female submissive and how she'd introduced her to the wide world of kink.

By Felicia Wilkinson

It's been a while since I've thought about Tessa. No matter how many other lovers and subs fill the empty space between now and our time together, it is always the memories of her that come upon me most consistently and deliver the most heat.

Depending on how you know me, I'm either Mrs. A or Mistress A. Back when I knew Tessa, though, I suppose I was not as refined or as confident of a domme as I am now. God knows I made mistakes with her, but even those were hot. Tessa is the "one who got away"—and yet, when she went away, I knew I had unleashed a force of nature, and it gives me great pleasure to think about what she's probably doing to some other doe-eyed, naïve girl her age. I trained her well.

In my experience, the best dommes were also once very effective subs. Tessa probably never expected to become either when we met, but she did think she was going to take advantage of me. That still makes me laugh.

Summer of 2014: I had just returned from a long stay down in Melbourne, Australia, where the company I own with what is now my ex-husband is based. Luke was great—we're still friends, but we were never around each other enough at the end of the day. Ironically, Tessa was the college-aged daughter of one of his more prominent clients, and Luke thought she might "keep me company" while he spent the summer abroad, staying in our beach house with me while pursuing an internship in the city.

I admit that initially I was not thrilled at the idea of some 21-year-old making noise and possibly impinging upon what was—and remains—my very openly kinky lifestyle. Still, we needed to keep Tessa's dad happy, and offering his daughter free

accommodation in a tight rental market definitely did the trick. Luke's departure for Tokyo and Tessa's arrival somewhat overlapped, so he went to fetch her from the airport.

Tessa made me wet at first sight. I was working on my laptop when this wondrous five-foot-eight creature with endless legs walked into our house and smiled: "You must be Mrs. A. I can't thank you enough

"AS TESSA FELT ME DO SO, SHE GAVE A LITTLE GASP, BUT SHE DID NOT RESIST."

for letting me crash." Tessa, at the time, wore her hair in long layers, and it was naturally the color of corn silk. She had light blue eyes and a smooth oval face. Her skin had a nice bronze glow—very "California girl." And then there was the matter of her figure: At the top of her long, toned legs, her body-con skirt gave the most delectable hint of a bubble butt. She had smallish tits and clearly didn't mind forgetting about her bra, if the perky nipples I noticed beneath her tank were any indication.

Naturally, with my husband around, I played the role of gracious hostess—and dutiful wife, since it would be a while before we'd get to fuck again. For the first couple of days, we didn't see much

of her while she was at orientation for her internship. The night after Luke left, though, I was sitting alone in the living room, relaxing with a novel and some wine. I must've fallen asleep, because I woke up with the book in my lap to the unmistakable sound of my car engine. I say "unmistakable" because I am lucky enough to drive a rare and classic type of convertible—when her engine rumbles to life, there's simply no mistaking it for my ex-husband's hybrid.

I woke up to the sound of someone else starting my car—and once that registered, I flew to the window. I got there in just enough time to see Tessa pulling out of my driveway, taking my prized car into the night. The anger rose into my temples. I pondered calling her cell and demanding that she turn around and call herself a damn cab. But then a mixture of my cool, rational side and my kinky, lecherous side came together.

I paced, poured another glass of wine, and reminded myself that not only was the car insured, it would be infinitely more gratifying to wait up for her and lay down the law when she got home.

A couple hours later, I heard my car rumble up the driveway. And that's when I moved into the rotunda. In anticipation of Tessa's arrival, I had changed from my yoga pants into a sheer black robe and a silk slip. I crossed my arms as the unwitting girl stepped inside.

"Where in the hell did you go with my car?"

Tessa must've jumped a foot high. "Oh! Oh my God—Mrs. A—I, uh—"

"Do you normally take people's vehicles without asking?"

Her cheeks flushed. "I didn't remember where Mr. A said the keys to his car were."

"They're in your room, remember? He



left you a copy.”

She knew she was busted and gave me that blank look of resignation. “I’m so sorry, I didn’t mean—”

“Yes, you did, Tessa.” I stepped closer. “You saw my gorgeous car and thought why not, right?”

Tessa looked down at her feet. “I’m sorry—really.”

“Listen—you want to live here rent-free, then I’m going to need more respect than this.”

She looked up at me, wide-eyed. “Please don’t kick me out, Mrs. A.”

I pursed my lips and smiled slightly. “I wasn’t thinking of doing anything so drastic. But we need to address your behavior.”

And with that, I took her firmly by the arm and turned her around. “Bend over.”

“What?” She looked at me with reproach and shock.

“Bend over.” I held her firmly.

Reading her face, I could see the internal struggle, but then she submitted, and now that bubble butt was ripe for my open palm. That night she’d worn a looser skirt, so it was no trouble lifting it up to expose her thong panties. As Tessa felt me do so, she gave a little gasp, but she did not resist.

I delivered my first blow right to the middle of her butt, angling it so my hand would bounce upward when it struck the sumptuous flesh.

Anyone who spansk anyone knows that for maximum impact on a bare-hand/bare-bottom situation, the angle of impact is key for creating that hot, lingering sensation. A straight-up slap on the ass

is localized and fades in seconds, but a proper spank engages the entire bottom in one swoop.

Tessa exhaled sharply, reeling from the sensation—and perhaps her sudden vulnerability. But I showed her no mercy—not yet. I delivered two more blows, one for each side, slapping against the portion of her ass that curves down into the thigh. And then, a singular blow right to the sensitive lower middle portion where I could feel the heat of her cunt was the strike that made her cry out in pleasure.

When she did that, I peeled down her panties and went wild, slapping every exposed inch of her bare bottom, but I pointedly neglected her pussy; she would have to suffer no satisfaction tonight. When I finished with Tessa, her ass was solid pink. She stood, panties around her ankles, doubled over, wet, and panting.

“Now...” I cleared my throat. “Don’t you ever take my car again, or take anything without asking my permission. Is that clear?”

Tessa looked at me meekly and nodded.

“Have a good night.” I walked up the stairs, totally aloof to her. Or so it seemed. I made sure to watch her from above as she looked around bewildered and put her panties back on.

The next day I behaved as though nothing untoward or unusual had transpired. Tessa, however, was suddenly very attentive and pleasant to me.

In the kitchen that night, I was washing up some dishes when I felt her hand on my arm.

“Let me.” Tessa smiled as her hand slid down my arm and came to rest on top of

mine in the soapy water.

I did not smile back. I withdrew my hand. It’s all yours. I’m going to get a shower.” I was deliberately flippant I wanted to make her work. If you are a domme, then you already know: The more a sub aspires to please and serve you, the better. This was merely one of many tactics to draw her deeper into my web. But I hadn’t expected what came next.

I stepped into our glass-encased shower, and a few moments later I saw Tessa entering the room. She looked me in the eye, took off her clothes, stepped into the shower, and kissed me. I pulled away and looked stern.

“Isn’t this what you wanted?” She seemed so pure and honest there, I couldn’t resist.

I smiled and tugged at her wet hair and pulled her in for another kiss—accompanied by a gentle slap on her rear. My hands, though, quickly veered into other territory. She was a gorgeous nymph, and I wanted to caress every inch of her. The palms of my hands glided down the contours of her face and down over the wet outer orbs of her breasts, into the nip of her waist, and finally back on her round ass.

“You are beautiful, Tessa.”

She broke into a huge smile and ventured forth with a hopeful kiss on my nearest breast. I nodded in approval and she began sucking my nipples.

“I hope this makes up for last night,” Tessa whispered as she got on her knees and went down on me.

I grinded my pussy into her eager tongue: “We’ll see...”

VARIATIONS

↘ S&M

Eventually, we moved our “party” into the master bedroom. I wanted to enjoy her nubile body on my California king where we had plenty of room. That night, I kept it pretty basic: I ate her pussy and fucked her with my strap-on until she came so hard that she passed out.

But apparently our night of hot sex was still no remedy for her bad behavior. When I woke up the next morning, my car was gone again—and so were my favorite Prada strappy sandals. Now she was playing with fire.

Tessa pulled in the driveway about ten minutes later with croissants and coffee. I was waiting for her in a tight black halter maxi dress.

“I was wondering if I would have to go barefoot today,” I quipped as she came through the door.

Tessa looked sheepishly down at her stolen sandals. “Sorry...I couldn’t help it. We’re the same size; I was only trying them!”

“What am I going to do about you?” I took the bakery box from her and set it aside. “You obviously have no respect.”

“But I do!” Tessa pleaded.

“Now you’re interrupting me?” I glared at her. “Bend over the kitchen table.”

“No—no, please. Listen. I do respect you.”

“I’ll believe that when I see it.” I pulled down her denim shorts and thong and began administering another bare-bottom spanking.

Tessa moaned through her pleasure and pain: “Mrs. A! Ahh, it’s because I want to be you.”

“What?” I kept on spanking her.

Tessa gasped and blurted it all out: “I take your stuff and your car because I want to be you.”

I gently pulled her up by her ponytail. “You want to be me?”

She nodded. “I admire you, Mrs. A. And...I want to be as powerful and successful someday—not just in business, either.” Tessa bit her lip and looked at me, her eyes conveying both truth and vulnerability.

Once more, Tessa had given me pause. “I’ll help you. But you’re going to need to serve me in exchange. And I’ll definitely be wanting certain things.”

Tessa gave a little smile. “I figured as much.”

“Good. And while we are mixing... business and pleasure, I’m going to expect your complete honesty and obedience—and discretion. Does that work for you?”

She nodded. “Yes, Mrs. A.”

“Good.” I smiled and gestured for her to sit down with our coffee and croissants.

And god love her, Tessa sat down at the table bare-bottomed, without bothering to

“I PULLED DOWN HER DENIM SHORTS AND THONG AND BEGAN ADMINISTERING ANOTHER BARE-BOTTOM SPANKING.”

put back on her shorts.

“Now, tell me something.” I sat across from her. “Have you ever been with another woman before me? I guessed you had, but I’m curious.”

“Yes, freshman year of college.”

“And have you ever been spanked before or submissive?”

Tessa shook her head.

“And what about sex in general? How many boyfriends? Ever done anal?”

In short order, I learned that morning that Tessa had ample “vanilla” heterosexual experience but was new to kink—and she was a backdoor virgin as well. My first order of business as her new domme lover was to tend to that enticing ass of hers. But we would work up to the

big moment, I assured her.

When she came home from work that day, I had a bright pink butt plug waiting. I licked and lubed her up well, of course, but then being the cruel mistress I am sometimes, I then instructed her to vacuum the entire first floor wholly nude with the plug soundly in place.

Tessa was more incensed by having to clean than anything else. “What, I’m the help now?” Haughty with a butt plug sticking out of her ass, she was hardly your typical submissive.

I walloped her on the butt. “You’ll do what I say, or there will be consequences.” In truth, there was a method to my madness, beyond the pleasure of watching her. I figured the movement and prolonged wear would help her acclimate to backdoor action that much quicker.

Tessa pouted but obeyed. I sat on the couch and opened a novel, pretending to ignore her, which I suspect made her even more upset.

When she finished, I motioned her to come sit beside me. I stroked her leg.

“Tessa, would like to drive my car now?”

She looked surprised but delighted.

“Hell, yeah.”

“OK, then, but the catch is, you have to drive me to the grocery store—and you have to keep the plug in your ass. Can you do that?”

Tessa nodded her head.

“Good, now get dressed. No panties, though—and the plug stays in—I’ll be checking you. Get back down here in ten minutes.”

True to my word, I lifted her skirt to make sure she had obeyed. When I saw she had, I smiled and handed her my keys.

We shopped without incident, and when we returned home, I drew her a bubble bath and removed the plug.

“Do you think you’re ready to get fucked back there?”

“I don’t know...”

“That’s okay.” I smiled. “We’ll work up to it.”

We fucked again, vanilla-style, in my bed



that night. But the next day, I sent her off to work wearing the plug.

"And by the way, we have a special dinner tonight. A couple of my close girlfriends are coming over, so come straight back," I told her.

Once more, I let her drive my beloved car.

Tessa, however, was 15 minutes late returning. As punishment, I made her strip down immediately in the rotunda. I dragged her into the kitchen, where two caterers were standing by. Tessa, shocked at being exposed in front of strangers, tried to cover herself up, but I slapped her hands away. "That won't be necessary. You'll be quite covered in a moment."

"What do you mean?" Tessa frowned.

"You've heard of *nyotaimori*, haven't you? Body sushi?"

Tessa nodded. "I think so?"

"Well, you're going to be a fruit and dessert version of that for my dinner party. And the girls get here in a half hour from now, so hop to."

I pointed to the dining-room table.

Tessa looked incredulous but obeyed. She climbed up on the table and lay down.

"And one more thing. Since you were late, you'll be wearing a bigger plug." I showed it to her. "But no one will know, because the flowers will cover up your crotch." I gestured to the pile of roses and hydrangeas nearby. "You're going to be a work of art. Somehow even more of one than you are already." I caressed her face and set about swapping the plugs.

By the time my caterers were finished, Tessa resembled an erotic painting. Her body was covered in a rainbow of macaroons, tarts, and mini-cheesecakes

that were interlaced with berries, grapes, and other fruit slices, with strategically placed flowers for garnish. I made her wear a satin blindfold as a final touch.

To Tessa's credit, she was perfectly well-behaved and silent throughout dessert—even when one of my livelier lesbian friends tormented her nipples with an ice cube. All three of the ladies who came that night were kinky play partners of mine who lavished compliments on my unique centerpiece.

Now, here's where I was perhaps a tad too cruel. I had my girlfriends pretend to leave, and I pretended dinner was over. But the truth is, they were in on my scheme and watched the whole thing from the living room.

"Tessa, you did wonderful." I kissed her.

She smiled at me. "Can I take off the blindfold?"

"Not yet. But roll over, and I'll take out the plug."

I did so, and then gave her ass a gentle slap. "Do you think you're ready now? I really want that ass."

Tessa grinned and nodded. "Especially if I get to wear your shoes tomorrow?"

I retrieved my strap-on toy and lube from a nearby drawer. "You were great tonight, so I'll do better than that; we'll get you your own pair." I climbed up on the table.

Tessa's squeal of delight was cut short by her gasp. I put my warm tongue on her ass first and then followed it up with the cold lube.

"Oops—that is cold." I giggled and gave her round cheeks a little massage. "I'll warm you up, though."

Tessa turned around and licked her lips. "May I touch myself?" Ah, she was

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learning...

"Of course," I said as I guided my rubber cock into position.

And from there, I took my gorgeous sub's anal virginity. Tessa rubbed her clit with one hand and grabbed the tablecloth with the other.

I fucked her until I felt her knees give out.

"Oh God—I'm—ahhh!" Tessa squealed, experiencing the sensation of her first backdoor orgasm. She collapsed on the table. I caressed her hair and face and gently lifted her off the blindfold.

My friends then burst into applause.

Tessa looked mortified at first, but then started laughing and gave me a playful shove. "I want two pairs of shoes now."

I laughed. "Anything for you."

Not gonna lie—I still miss that girl. But as I said, I heard through the grapevine that she's fully *domme* these days, and nothing gives me more pride than knowing I was the one to initiate and unleash her, literally, into the wider world of kink. 



VARIATIONS

FOOT FETISHISM

STEP BY STEP

A foot-loving couple indulges in their favorite fetish—proving they’re the perfect pair.

By Louisa Reagan

I love warm weather. Warm weather is a guarantee that I’ll get laid often and well. David loves my feet. Literally. And warm weather is pedicure season.

I get pedicures like clockwork, and I have a husband who never utters a peep about the price. I like to get the unusual colors. I like to watch him suck each toe into his mouth while his cock stands at attention. I love the groans and moans that come out of him as he massages my feet. And I adore the thrumming in my pussy that’s almost unbearable when he finally fucks me.

I put my car in park and ran into the salon for my weekly appointment. Tammy was reading a magazine when I walked in and she glanced up.

“I don’t know why you come so often. Your last one still looks great.”

I looked down at my pretty feet in my pretty sandals and tried not to laugh at the come-so-often comment. I wiggled my toes and smiled. “It’s fun, I guess. It relaxes me. I like to keep it fresh.”

As in, when I get home, David is going to make a beeline for my feet and within the hour I’d be coming so hard and often that this pedicure would be worth every damn penny.

Tammy pointed to a bundle of pretty nail polish bottles and said, “The all-new group.”

I started to look through them. I took a picture and texted it to David. I smiled, knowing just seeing the bottles would get his dick hard. I pulled out a metallic polish that looked like stainless steel.

“Oh...I like this one!”

She smiled. “Somehow I knew you would. So, your man, is he like”—she put my feet in warm soapy water as I continued to look through the

colors—“a foot guy? Like, um...”

I laughed. “So you figured me out. Yes, my dear, I am going to get a good and proper drilling when I get home.”

“How about something different, then?”

I cocked an eyebrow just as I ran my fingers over a bottle of shiny black lacquer. “Like what?”

“Well, let’s see. Half and half with a twist.”

“Tell me more.”

“I HAD THE DOOR UNLOCKED AND HE RUSHED IN AND GRABBED ME, PULLED ME IN, AND KISSED ME HARD.”

She took the black from me and the stainless-steel color. “Now pick one more.”

I picked a popping cherry red.

“Good. How about I alternate silver and black but on each foot, one is red. Isn’t color important? I mean, a turn-on.”

Her eyes were shiny.

I nodded. “Yes. We can do that. But don’t alternate. Mix it up more than that.”

She nodded her agreement and started to work on my feet. “So, Tammy,” I asked, “did you happen to find yourself a foot guy?”

She blushed and then she started to gush about this guy as she made my pretty feet prettier.

Before I left, I took a picture of my pretty new feet with the wedges between my toes. Only a minute ticked by before I received a return text from David: a picture of his hard cock with his hand wrapped around the base.

I smiled. Only a few hours before he’d return from work.

At home, I waited, walking around barefoot to admire my toes. I had Tammy paint the last three toes on each foot a certain color. The left foot was black, the right foot was silver. The second toe of each foot was a cherry red. It was unusual and cute and I liked it a lot. I had a feeling David would, too.

I heard his car door, and my heart skipped a beat. I had the door unlocked and he rushed in and grabbed me, pulled me in, and kissed me hard. Then he looked down at my feet and pushed my hand against the hard-on that tented his pants.

“Well, what are you waiting for?” I asked. “Get down there and show them some love.”

He grunted, dropped to his knees, bent over, and began to kiss the tops of my feet...and then my toes. His hand kept straying to his cock, stroking it through his work slacks. My pussy went wet and ready just watching him, because I knew how hard that cock was. How turned-on he was. How good it would be when he drove into me and fucked me.

His tongue came next. He dragged his tongue down each line where toe met toe. “Toe cleavage,” he called it. He lapped at the top of the joint, and it brought a rush of pleasure to me. Every touch of his tongue held the promise of even greater pleasure.

"Sit, sit," he said.

I went to the recliner and put my feet up. Literally. He pulled his cock out of his fly and gave it a few desperate, vigorous tugs. The tip was rosy, leaking pre-come, and the sight made me touch myself, sliding my finger beneath my dress and beneath my cotton panties. I was wet. I spread that wetness over my clit.

He started to suck my toes. One at a time. "Start with cherry red," he whispered almost to himself.

His tongue slid along the length of my perfectly pedicured toe, and then he ran his tongue over the tip repeatedly, provoking a shiver. Goose bumps raced up my leg as I rubbed my clit a little harder.

"I might have to come before we even get to the fucking," I said. "I've been waiting for this all day."

He smiled up at me as he spread my toes and went on to the second. "Do whatever you have to do." He went down on that toe and I plunged a finger into my pussy. I had no idea when he'd first confessed this foot love to me that I'd get into it, too, that I'd get off on how much he got off on it.

David moved to the third, running his strong fingers along my foot's arch. My hips rose up; my breath rushed out of me. The firm touch on my insole coupled with his slick mouth sucking on my toe made me push another finger inside my cunt. I curled my toes, wiggled them, and moved them against all the tender spots. Then I was back at swirling my fingertip over my clitoris as he enveloped the last three toes at once.

He sucked them, flicking his tongue against my skin. He cupped my foot in both hands and rubbed, effortlessly working out any knots or kinks from the day.

When David touched my feet, I damn near came. I was so conditioned.

"Ready for the other foot?"

I nodded, humming softly.



VARIATIONS

↘ FOOT FETISHISM



“THIS TIME, BEFORE MASSAGING IT, HE DRAGGED THE TIP OF HIS COCK DOWN THE CLEAVAGE BETWEEN EACH TOE.”

breasts free so they were visible.

His eyes sparkled. He was so pleased. Without a word, he got back on his knees and worked a wad of coconut oil into my right foot. I moaned as his rigid fingers worked all the kinks out.

My body felt loose and liquid.

“Now?” I asked, wriggling in the chair.

David held out his hand. I took it.

“Now.” He helped me up and scooped me up in his arms. “Your feet are slick, lover.” He walked to our bedroom as I tried to stay still. I was so excited for the next part. Pedicure days command a whole ritual of sex, a lovely parade of pleasures that lead to a dramatic ending.

In the bedroom, he sat me down in front of the closet. “What are you feeling today?”

“Flat,” he said. “Flirty.”

I nodded and pushed back the door. My shoes were arranged in categories. Boots, heels, wedges, flats, sandals, flip-flops, slippers. David helped me keep them neat and tidy. He had a vested interest.

I put on a pair of turquoise sandals and did a little twirl, ending in a pose that made my calf muscles pop. David growled, rubbing his dick as he watched. “Nice, but no. Black ones?”

I found a pair of very low-wedge sandals in a matte black. They had tiny ankle straps, which drove him insane. I

He started the process on the other foot, his warm mouth enveloping my big toe. He drew on it hard and the sensation snaked up my legs to my center. I rubbed my clit a little faster.

“I like the black,” he said softly, moving to the second toe. His tongue traced the entire thing before he finally sucked it into his mouth.

His fingertips scraped along my arch, and I jumped. The dull but prickly sensation made my pussy pound.

I pushed my fingers into my cunt, curled my fingers, grinded my clit against the heel of my hand, and came just as he sucked my final three toes into his mouth. He wagged his tongue and chuckled.

“In the table,” David said, pushing the footrest down so that I returned to an upright position. My panties were skewed to the side, my dress up around my hips. He tugged my panties off and drew them down my legs. I found the jar and handed it to him.

His rigid cock still stuck out of his fly, and I attempted to reach down and unbutton his pants. “Leave it for now,” he said.

I sat back and watched him spread

coconut oil over my feet. My eyes kept going to his cock. Thick, hard, long... ready. I wanted it so bad. But then his fingers began to dig into the tender tight places on my feet and pleasure flooded my system. I groaned.

“Good?” He ran his knuckle up the center of my foot, making my leg shimmy.

“Excellent.”

He kept running his knuckles along the lines of my feet. Every few strokes he’d arch up and rub his cock along the coconut oil. Feeling that satin-steel length sent jolts of anticipation through me.

He smiled at me, squeezing and milking each toe with his strong hands. When I felt boneless on that side, he moved to the other foot. This time, before massaging it, he dragged the tip of his cock down the cleavage between each toe. I watched his face, its intensity and arousal.

He finally let go of my leg long enough to unbutton his pants and remove them. He continued stripping his clothes, watching me, sitting there with my dress up around my waist.

I kept eye contact and reached into the bodice of my dress and pulled my



got down on one knee to do the strap, my pussy exposed in that angle so he could see. I switched legs and buckled the other. My pussy glistened.

He was panting like an animal as I modeled the sandals. He curled a finger at me. "Come here."

I went and he ran his trembling finger along the ankle strap and the broader strap that ran across the top of my foot. He gave his cock a few hard strokes but then shook his head. "Not these."

My cunt was pounding like a heartbeat, but I went back into the closet and found myself a pair of shiny silver woven sandals that had peek-a-boo toes and a high back that covered my heel. The moment I did my little modeling show he grunted and grabbed me. I fell into his lap and he kissed me almost violently.

"These, then?" I managed.

"These. Take this dress off. Take it off now."

I wrestled out of it and dropped it to the floor. It was just me, David, and the

silver sandals.

He flipped me onto my belly and I got on my hands and knees. I was drenched. He was making those animal noises that always made the hair on my neck stand up.

He dragged his cock along my pussy. The tip of his cock glanced over my clit and I sighed. He finally pushed himself into me slowly, taking his time. When he was fully seated, I tried not to squirm. He reached down and grabbed my shoes and held them. I balanced on my knees and forearms as he started to move. Slow at first. Every thrust pushed his cock against my G-spot.

We'd taken so long to get to this point, I had a hair trigger. He drove deep, short, intense thrusts. And I came. Quick and hard. My pussy milked him eagerly.

"Don't make me come, love. We'll have to start over," he said. Then he laughed. His hands closed tightly around my ankles and he fucked me faster.

I pushed my hand down beneath

my body and dragged my fingers over my clitoris. I wanted another orgasm. I wanted another rush.

He was really pounding me, his fingers gripping my ankles so tight and hard I expected marks to linger. And that was fine by me.

"Don't you come," I taunted. "Don't even think about it. 'Cause if you do then you won't get to the grand finale."

He snarled and kept at it, thrusting hard and deep. My finger rolled over my clitoris. I pinched and stroked and tweaked. I let myself get close and then backed off. David slowed his pace, pulling back slowly so that his cock nearly slipped out and then slamming back into me hard and fast. Having my legs bent as they were, he inched me forward slowly. I pressed my forehead to the bed and kept playing with my pussy.

"Come on, girl. Give it to me. I can feel how tight you are."

I moaned. I was tight. Tighter than tight and hovering right on the edge of release. He pulled back slowly again,

VARIATIONS

↘ FOOT FETISHISM

making me anticipate the reentry. And when it came, it was exquisite. His cock head pressed pleasure points in me that stole my breath. Again, and again, and then once more and I was coming, crying out as my fingers slid across my pounding clit.

He growled and pulled free entirely. He gave me a moment to right myself and catch my breath. My hair stood out around my head like a dark chaotic cloud.

“I DREW MY LEGS UP TO MY CHEST AND WRAPPED MY ARMS AROUND THEM.”

My cheeks were hot. My heart pounded.

I drew my legs up to my chest and wrapped my arms around them. I put my feet, ensconced in lovely silver sandals, flat on the bed. He pushed his face to the woven leather and the straps, then reverently undid each clasp and slowly removed each sandal.

“It will look lovely on all the colors,” I said.

He set my sandals on the floor and played trembling fingers over my feet, then my toes. He stroked each shiny painted toenail with his left hand while stroking his cock with his right. I went off script a little and moved quickly.

I got up on my knees and then bent over his lap, taking his hard cock into my mouth. His skin was hot and salty as I engulfed him with my mouth. He moaned, one hand on the back of my head, the other stretched back, finding my naked foot, squeezing and stroking it as I sucked him.

I used my hand and worked his cock, licking at the pre-come that oozed out

of him. He pinched my toes, sliding his finger between my big toe and the second. I gasped and licked his shaft all the way up to the tip.

He thrust up from beneath me, fucking my mouth, holding my ankle, panting like he’d just finished running a marathon.

“I’m going to come soon, baby,” he managed as excitement shot through me like a bolt of electricity.

I gave him a few more strokes, sucked his tip into my mouth, and then he stiff-armed me, pushing me back almost desperately.

I went back to my position, legs drawn up to my chest, arms wrapped around him. He knelt before me and jerked his cock vigorously. I watched, my own excitement building from the look on his face. “Come for me, David. Come on my pretty toes.”

He shut his eyes, shook his head—so, so close to release.

I played with him, wiggling my fancy painted toes. “Which color will you pick? Cherry red? Stainless steel? Black lacquer? What will it be? Or will you go wild and spray your cum all over my feet? Coat all the pretty colors? All the pretty toes?”

He panted and grunted and stroked. He hovered over me, face set intently on his pleasure. I wanted him to come so bad. Wanted to see it happen. It never failed to excite me, that moment when he let go and surrendered to his own release.

“God. Fuck.” He shook his head. I stroked, reached out, and touched each toe in turn. “This one? This one? How about this one?” I stroked my toes seductively.

He growled, “Move!”

I moved my hand and he came so violently that his hips shot forward. His come arced out, decorating the tips of my toes, the top of my foot, my ankles—so much more of it than anticipated.

He groaned as he continued to work



his cock. Finally, he exhaled and looked at me. Another shot of excitement ran through me as he bent forward.

This part didn't happen all the time. This part only happened every once in a while. But my God, it did me in.

David began to lick my feet, cleaning up after himself with his tongue. He took his time, lapping at his pearlescent load. I let my legs fall open a bit and touched myself. He saw me and wrapped his hands around my ankles and continued to clean me.

I stroked my clit, shoving my fingers in my pussy. I wasn't neat or coy about it. I wanted to get off, because seeing him lick his come off my feet made me crazy. He looked up at me and kept his gaze intently on me as he lapped at me—his tongue soft, warm, and wet.

I spread my wetness over my clit and sighed because he was done cleaning my feet. But he wasn't done with me, it seemed.

He smiled at me as I slowed my strokes. Then he reared up, pushed my legs wide, and shoved me back with a hand to my chest.

"I'll finish this for you."

He put his mouth on my pussy. I was so swollen and so ready. So close to coming, it wouldn't take much.

And it didn't. He drew his tongue along my outer folds before sucking my clit—softly at first, then harder. I grabbed handfuls of his dark hair and held him there. He chuckled and the vibration of it worked through me quickly, adding to the sensations that stunned my body into a heavy kind of pleasure.

Then he started magical whorls with his tongue and I came, gripping his hair so hard I feared I'd hurt him. I shuddered out my orgasm and then looked down at his shiny, smiling face.

"God, I love pedicure day."

He bit my inner thigh playfully, and I jumped. His hands closed around my feet and he squeezed them. "That makes it unanimous." 





VARIATIONS

WIDE WORLD OF VARIATIONS

POWER PLAY

Katie's the one in charge. She's the one who runs the house and makes most of the decisions on travel, home, and purchases. I love her fiercely but occasionally I'd like to take the lead.

I dreamed of being in charge. It's a recurring string of dreams that come to me most weeks. My most common dream is of anchoring her in one place. Making her quiet. Doing what I pleased to her lovely body as she was held there, helpless to her pleasure.

I tethered her to an ornamental wrought-iron railing out by the back garden. It guarded a small patch of sweet peas—when they were actually growing—and allowed me 360-degree access to her luscious body. I bound her ankles to the black iron, setting them wide. I tethered her wrists to the bar right in front of her, centered just under her big tits.

Her mouth was stuffed with a bright red ball gag and her eyes were shiny as she shifted.

"Do you want me to touch you? Yes

or no?"

She didn't even hesitate. She nodded vigorously, her lush hips swaying as she moved them side to side, eager to be touched, stroked, sampled, and fucked.

I ran my hands over her warm skin. The end of summer sun was shining bright on her pale skin. The spattering of caramel-colored freckles on her cheeks and chest winked at me.

I ran my fingers down the deep crevice of her cleavage. I slipped my hands beneath her pillowy breasts and found her cherry-colored nipples. They were already hard, but I stroked them into tighter buds. She breathed heavily against the ball gag, spittle slipping from the corners of her mouth. I imagined removing that ball and slipping my dick into her wet mouth instead.

When her body grew slack from my gentle touch, I pinched. I pinched hard and watched her eyes flare wide. I listened to her groans of pleasure and pain.

"Do you like that, Katie?"

Her eyes slammed shut, a brisk nod from her pretty head. It made her strawberry blonde hair fall around her face.

I squatted in front of the iron fence, lifted one of her tits, and ran my tongue over the halo of flushed flesh that stood out like a pencil eraser.

She said something behind her gag and sighed. I didn't know what she said. I didn't care. As long as she didn't give the safe word, which I could clearly understand around any ball gag, her words were nothing but background noise.

I bit her nipple hard enough to make her jump. Hard enough to make her cunt wet. But not hard enough to hurt her.

She mewled and bucked and rolled her hips. I stood and watched her for a moment. She was writhing there in the bright sun and the slight breeze. I slid my hand into my basketball shorts, grabbed my cock, and gave it a few vigorous tugs while she danced for me, bent slightly over that fence, naked and at my mercy.

"Are we done, love?" I said with enough cruelty to scare her.

She shook her head desperately, moving her ass as if beckoning me.

"Good to know. Just checking."

Having her silent and willing and needful of me was intoxicating. I jerked my cock a few more times, so tempted to come on her and then let my body reboot and start over. Instead, I dragged it out for both of us. I tucked myself back in my pants and moved around to her side, dragging my fingers along her hips. Her skin galloped at my touch.

I played my fingertip down her ass crack. Going slowly. The slower I went, the crazier she felt. She likes things succinct and well-timed. She appreciates efficiency. I would give her none of that.

I pushed my finger to her asshole and watched her buck.

"You know what to say if you don't want me to," I rumbled.

She said nothing. Not a single muffled word. If anything, she backed her ass up just a bit into my hand.

I took that as a go. I spit on my finger and slowly pushed my finger into her



“I LET MY FINGER TRAIL DOWN HER FLANK, GATHERING SWEAT, AND THEN RETURNED TO HER ASS.”

ass. I hadn't given her any pleasure yet. I had no idea if she was wet. The only things I had given her were teasing and anticipation.

Apparently, it was enough.

She made a sound and then I felt her press back even more, allowing my finger to sink into her warm, velvety channel.

I moved it slowly, then nearly withdrew it, then plunged it deep.

Her hips rocked and she stood on her tippy-toes. The sun beat down on us and sweat began to pour. Sweat can be good lubricant.

I let my finger trail down her flank, gathering sweat, and then returned to her ass. This time I pushed two fingers into her ass.

She bucked, mewled, and moved restlessly against her bonds. It was beautiful.

With my fingers buried in her up to the top knuckle, I asked, “Do you want me to stop?”

She shook her head so vigorously that her hair flew out in a pale cloud. That was a no if I'd ever seen one.

“Do you want me to fuck you?”

A vigorous head nod this time. She danced in place as much as the ties around her ankles would allow. She reminded me of a horse, ready to canter.

With my free hand, I reached beneath her, giving her pussy one good stroke. I pushed my finger over her engorged clit



and tickled it for a moment. She sighed and arched her back. Then I left her right there, with just that hint of goodness.

“Let's see if you're wet,” I said.

She cooed beneath the ball gag. I pushed a finger inside her and felt the rush of warm fluid around my driving digit. She squeezed her internal muscles around my finger and my cock jumped. It tented my shorts. I'd have to do something about that.

I added a second finger to the first and curled them.

She sighed and sagged against the railing a bit.

“I think I should fuck that pussy, Katie,” I said in her ear.

She grunted.

“Do you want me to fuck that pussy, Katie?”

She nodded, her body trembling.

I pulled my fingers free and licked them clean. I walked in front of her and pushed my shorts down. Taking my long, hard rod in my hand, I stroked it, spreading a rush of pre-come over the sensitive tip.

“Do you want this?”

Blue eyes wide, mouth drooling, body shaking, she nodded for me. Giving me a blissfully silent yes. A wonderfully desperate request.

I made sure to jerk it in front of her for a minute, allowing myself to actually get close because looking at her that way made me want to blow. Instead, I let her get nervous that I'd get off and just leave her there. Then I walked around her and put my hand on the small of her back. I

pushed so that she'd angle herself. She did it instantly, my own little rag doll.

I ran my cock along her flushed slit. Her body was hot on the outside, hotter on the inside. She tried to push back and get me inside faster, so I pulled back.

I heard her start to cry softly.

I ran my dick along her pussy again. “Are you going to behave this time?”

She made assuring noises and stayed still as I teased her, sliding just the very tip of my cock inside her.

She had no idea that my whole body screamed to grab her hips, yank her back as I drove forward, and fuck her fast and hard, not caring if she came or not. Just wanting to fill her up with my come.

Instead, I inched my way in to make her suffer.

She was trembling. Even her cunt rippled around me, so anticipatory. So ready to be fucked.

Once seated in her, I lost some of my composure. I grabbed her hips and tugged her furiously back every time I slammed into her.

I saw her struggle to keep her balance. She did, going up on tiptoes and then back down.

Her neck was sweaty, and I raked my teeth along its nape. Her cunt quivered around me when I did that, so I did it again.

I fucked her fast and hard and she loved it, slamming back against me, moaning around her gag. She squeezed her pussy tight around me and I felt her right there on the verge.

So I pulled out of her.

VARIATIONS

WIDE WORLD OF VARIATIONS

**“HER SHOULDERS
STRAINED FROM
HER BONDS. SHE
PUSHED HER RIPE
ASS BACK TO
MEET ME.”**

Katie cried out, thrashing against her bonds. She turned to look at me over her shoulder, eyes wide, pleading.

“No cheating,” I said. “You let me get you off. No squeezing on purpose. I can feel you, Katie. Your cunt gripping me like that. Will you behave? Will you let me take you there?”

She nodded even as her eyes watered from frustration.

I smoothed my hand along the swell of her ass cheek and gave it a pat. “Good.” Then I gave it a smack before gripping her hips once again and sliding into her as easily as one slides into a warm bath.

She sighed. She moved to take me but didn’t intentionally tighten her internal muscles around me.

I fucked her slowly at first, liking how her pussy moved around me. I’d hit a sweet spot and she’d make a noise and her muscles would jump.

When I found the right place and hit it over and over again, her movements became involuntary. Her pussy grew tighter and tighter around me. I focused on that and on not letting myself come yet.

I wanted to see her gush for me out in the sweet pea patch and the blazing sun.

She was making chanting sounds. Her shoulders strained from her bonds. She pushed her ripe ass back to meet me. I pushed my fingers back in. Her pussy gripped me tighter then, squeezing and squeezing until I knew she was going to come.

I rubbed myself through that membrane of flesh. The feel of my fingers caressing



my cock pushed her over. Her pussy blossomed around me, milking me, juices spilling down my thighs. I came with a growl, filling her up, giving it all to her.

After that dream, I usually wake up to silence and my hand on my dick.

I’m good at jerking off quickly and quietly to my silent, bound dream-wife before Katie can wake up and start talking.

—Name and address withheld

TICKET TO RIDE

My wife and I love the train. It is convenient—and erotic if you do it right.

We were taking the train from the city back to our suburban abode last Friday night. We like the 8 PM train—after the commuters but before the late-night revelers turn it into a loud drunken party.

We ran to get to the car farthest from the terminal, which we know from past experience offers more privacy. We jumped in just before the door shut and the bell sounded the train’s departure.

We were all alone in the car as we took the stairs to the upper level. I was following my wife and caught a glimpse of her red panties as her skirt hiked while she ascended the steps. I knew it was on

purpose; she’d had a few glasses of wine with dinner and loved to show off her body when she was feeling tipsy.

We sat down in the seats at the end of the aisle with her facing me and me watching the door, on the lookout for potential interruptions. She was slightly out of breath as she leaned back and relaxed.

“Whew, that was closer than I wanted. Almost missed our ride,” she commented as she spread her legs slightly to give me another glimpse of those red panties.

“Yes, but it’s worth the rush—the view from up here is priceless,” I told her.

“I know what you are looking at,” she teased as her fingers slid down and exposed her bush.

“Looks like shaving time,” I observed, the thick bush blocking her best parts.

“How about this?” she offered, using her other hand to spread her cunt lips and reveal her shiny pink slit.

“Very sexy, my dear,” I confessed, loving her peep show.

The good thing about that particular train run is that it takes 20 minutes to get to the first stop, and the ticket taker rarely passes until just before that station. Folks usually don’t come back this far after the train has left the station, so we can count on a good 20 minutes of “privacy,” but the possibility of surprise does make it more exciting.

I felt my cock getting hard as she wet her fingers in her mouth and inserted them into her slit. A quick rub of her clit added to her excitement. Keeping her panties yanked to one side was a little restricting, so she raised her hips and slid her undies down to her knees. That gave me a great view as her fingers plunged farther into her shiny pussy. She released a sexy little moan that made my cock pulse.

I rubbed my hard-on through my pants as I watched her show. A quick peek at my watch told me we had 17 minutes left.

"How about a little oral action?" I asked.

"I'm not sucking your dick on the train," she teased, her words only adding to my excitement. I love it when she says "sucking your dick" in any context, but I also knew "no" usually turns into "maybe," which turns into "okay, but we have to be quick" as our excitement grows.

After casting a glance at the door at the other end of the car, I lifted her off my lap and placed her on the bank of seats before dropping down to my knees. I lifted her legs and started licking her delicious pussy as she reached down to clutch my hair. With some maneuvering, she pulled her panties off one leg so she spread her legs and gave me better access to her cunt, then she closed her thighs around my head as I stuck my tongue into her cunt as far as it would go.

I hoped with all my might that no one would walk through that door and interrupt us. I slid my tongue back up her slit to lick her clit. Her little nub was getting hard. Knowing she was getting as turned-on as me made me groan. My hands slid up her body to find her beautiful breasts. We were on the same page; she'd already unbuttoned her blouse and yanked one of her tits out of her bra. She cupped her breast in one hand, using her thumb and finger to toy with her nipple.

I focused on the other side, yanking her bra cup down to tweak her other nip, all while giving her pussy plenty of

attention. It was all pretty hot, but I had to move it along if we were going to fulfill my fantasy for the night.

I ceased my pussy-licking, stood up, and kissed her erect nipples, one after the other.

"Any chance you've changed your mind about that blowjob?" I asked as I unbuckled my pants and pulled out my rock-hard cock.

My erection was right in front of her face. She does love to suck my cock, so it was an easy sell—especially because she was already so turned-on.

"Okay, but we have to be quick," she replied, following my mental script perfectly.

We had eight minutes left before that first stop. She gives great head, and the excitement of doing it on the train made it all the better. She doesn't deep-throat but makes up for it with active mouth play, plenty of suction, and tongue action.

"Mmm, that's wonderful," I murmured, this time my hands running through her hair.

We love talking to each other as we

play out our fantasies. Even though we're an old married couple, nights like this make us feel like horny teenagers again.

My internal clock knew we were running out of private time, so I had to make my pitch or my craving wouldn't be addressed.

"Can I pound your wet pussy?" I asked.

My wife looked up at me with big doe eyes—her lips still wrapped around my cock—before pulling back to say, "I thought you'd never ask."

She stood up and knelt on the train seat. Now she had a view of the train door as she pushed her ass in the air in invitation. Her pose made her pussy lips part slightly. She was practically dripping from all of our sexy play.

Without wasting any time, I came up behind her and spread her lips, easing my spit-slick cock into her tight opening.

"I love how sucking my cock makes your pussy wet," I whispered in her ear.

"I love how your hard cock fills me up," she countered as I slid home.

With all our foreplay I knew we would come quickly. I hastened the arrival of her



VARIATIONS

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climax by hurriedly fingering her clit while I jammed my cock deep. She muffled her orgasmic cries against her forearm. Her helpless whimpers and the spasming of her pussy did me in almost immediately. My moans joined hers as I shot my wad into her tight cunt.

There was no time to enjoy the afterglow. We quickly uncoupled. My wife slipped on her panties and buttoned her blouse while I raised my pants and fastened my belt. We were slightly disheveled but decent when the door opened and the ticket-taker came through.

"How are you folks doing tonight?" he asked jovially.

"We are having a fantastic night," I responded, winking at my beautiful wife.

We had 15 minutes until the next station—and my cock was already getting hard again.

—C.V., Stamford, Connecticut

COUNTDOWN

Marla was a virgin when we married 20 years ago, and for the first ten years we were both monogamous. Through reading letters in magazines such as yours, I became

interested in swinging and managed to get Marla to admit that she was interested in screwing other men. Once we got started, she found that she greatly enjoyed other men's attention.

It was easy to find men who were interested in Marla as a bed partner. One night she told me about this young fellow she found attractive. He was single, so a "swap" was impossible, but I convinced her that I would not mind if she went out with him. In fact, I even helped her pick out clothes that I thought would turn him on.

I must have made a good choice, as she didn't get home until late, and from the look on her face and the condition of her clothes, it was obvious that she had been undressed and screwed. When I asked her how her night out had gone, she just smiled and removed her dress, which was all she had on. She then stood by the bed and placed my hand on her wet pussy. We got into bed, and she told me of the night's activities while I ran my fingers in and out of her semen-soaked pussy. She and her friend got turned-on while dancing, and then they went to a motel, where she was screwed three times in the space of a few hours. Just thinking about her and another guy screwing was a turn-on, and feeling his come in her cunt when I started fucking

her was even more exciting. The sex we had that night was the best ever.

We still swing as a couple, and I have screwed a few single women, but for me the real excitement is sharing Marla with other men. I enjoy screwing other women, but there is no nicer pussy than that of my wife, especially if another man has recently used it. I know that there are those who joke about "sloppy seconds," but for me there is nothing sexier than a freshly fucked pussy full of come, especially when it's my wife's pussy! Marla has had many experiences with other men, all with my blessings and encouragement.

We have been involved in several threesomes with other men, and it is a real turn-on to be able to watch another man slide his cock into my wife's sweet pussy or hungry mouth. I have no interest in the man other than as my wife's lover. Once he has his climax, Marla and I have some wild sex. The feel of her body, the smell of sex, and the silken smoothness of her come-filled pussy all combine to make for the best-ever sexual experience.

When we first started swinging, Marla insisted on washing up after another man had fucked her. It took a while, but I finally convinced her that her pussy wasn't "dirty" just because it was full of come. One night she came home after a "date," and before she knew it, I had my mouth on her cream-filled pussy. She tried to stop me, saying that the other fellow's come was still in her and that she would have to wash if I wanted to go down on her. I was really turned-on hearing about her experience that night, and the fact that another man's load was in her pussy didn't bother me at all.

In fact, once I got my tongue inside her, I got even more turned-on knowing that I was sucking her sex after another man had pumped a load of come into her. I found the taste of her warm pussy juice mixed with his come to be a special treat. Since then she had never been with another man without me getting a taste of her come-filled pussy

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upon her arrival home.

As I mentioned before, Marla was a virgin when we married, so I know about every man she had fucked. In fact, early on in our swinging, I started to keep a record of her experiences, and to date she has been screwed by 195 men. It is always a little extra thrill when she is with someone new because I get to add his name to my list. Although selective, she has had experiences with a wide variety of men. She has screwed a policeman, a plumber, her doctor, her dentist, her boss, his brother, and numerous friends and acquaintances.

I am very proud of the fact that many men find Marla attractive and desirable. We have slowed down somewhat in our swinging, but I'm sure it will not be too long before Marla screws her 200th man. I could be interested to know if other husbands keep score of their wives' lovers and would also like to know how they feel about sex with their wives right after another man has fucked them.

—L.L., Richmond, Virginia

Have you had an unforgettable encounter? Has your wildest fantasy come true or are you still planning out the sexy details? We want to hear all about it! Send your story to: *Penthouse Variations*, 8944 Mason Avenue, Chatsworth, CA, 91311, or email it to: letters@penthouse.com.



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